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"From the literary point of view it was a misfortune that London became the capital of England, for almost any other part of the country would have yielded us a nobler and more varied speech."

MANY have wondered what has become of *John Bull*, the new recruit to humorous journalism, which made a Jack-in-the-Box appearance some months ago. It is now announced that the first number was experimental, and that the editor, Mr. Arthur A'Beckett, late of *Punch*, proposes to bring out *John Bull* regularly.

THE announcement that only the opening chapters of Mr. Barrie's book *The Little White Bird* are to appear in *Scribner's* is rather surprising. But that this is the case is obvious from the fact that the volume is to be ready for publication this month.

THIS week the *Sketch* devotes its first page to a brief memoir of its late editor, Mr. John Lathey. Mr. Lathey's father was for many years editor of the *Illustrated London News*, and he himself began his journalistic life on the *Penny Illustrated Paper*. Mr. Lathey was a diligent journalist, and wrote well upon such various subjects as politics, sport, and the drama. His friends saw the end in sight long before Mr. Lathey's buoyant spirit permitted him to consider the possibility of death. But when death came it was a really happy release from great suffering.

The Literary Week.

THIS week, following our usual custom, we issue a Supplement containing classified lists of the new books announced for publication during the present season.

We are glad to find among the new publications of the week another of Mr. Henry James's contributions to literary criticism. The paper in question appears as the preface to the translation of Balzac's *Two Young Brides* in Mr. Heinemann's "Century of French Romance" series. Mr. James begins: "Stronger than ever, even than under the spell of first acquaintance and of the early time, is the sense—thanks to a renewal of intimacy and, I am tempted to say, of loyalty—that Balzac stands signally alone, that he is the first and foremost member of his craft, and that, above all, the Balzac-lover is in no position till he has cleared the ground by saying so."

THE author of *A Village Tragedy* has just published a poetical drama called "The Princess of Hanover," which we shall review in due course. We may note here that Mrs. Woods has ventured on the "rash proceeding" (her own words) of prefacing her play by some remarks on the theory of English verse. We extract two passages. Both are likely to arouse pleasant controversy. The first is: "Indeed, I cannot tell where the critics get their rules; nor yet, as I think, can they." The other passage runs:

It would appear that the public is taking, or is expected to take, a renewed interest in poetry. Messrs. Blackie announce that Mrs. Meynell is editing for them certain selections from the great poets in a series to be called "The Red Letter Library." Amongst the earliest volumes will appear the two Brownings, Tennyson, and Wordsworth. Then the Clarendon Press is to add to its "Oxford Miniature Poets," Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh, Sonnets from the Portuguese, and other Poems," and Longfellow's complete poems in three volumes. And Messrs. Macmillan announce a new issue of their complete Tennyson in one volume, printed on India paper.

THE *Condensed Novels: New Burlesques*, by the late Bret Harte, just issued by Messrs. Chatto, has for frontispiece a photogravure reproduction of Pettie's portrait of the author. Some of the parodies bear the following titles: "Rupert the Resembler. By A-th-y H-pe," "Golly and the Christian, or the Minx and the Manxman. By H-ll C-ne," "Stories Three: For Similar Reasons, A Private's Honour, Jungle Folk. By R-dy-d K-pl-g," and "Zut-ski. By M-r-e C-r-lli." The last named opens thus: "The great pyramid towered up from the desert with its apex towards the moon which hung in the sky. For centuries it had stood thus, disdaining the aid of gods or man, being, as the Sphinx herself observes, able to stand up for itself."

DEDICATIONS nearly always have a particular and personal interest, especially in the case of verse. Mr. William Canton, whose *Child's Book of Saints* is not likely to be forgotten, at any rate by this generation, inscribes his new volume, *The Comrades*, thus: "In thanks for wild flowers gathered at Thurston-Mere on a day in a black April, to you, dear Barbara, dear Ursula, dear Robin, this Book." Another dedication which strikes a different note is prefixed to Mr. Auguste Smada's *Rus Divinum*: "Dedicated, like my life, to an ideal, which, if existent, is yet unfound; and written for those few, those very few, who from the turmoil and trial of the passions of this world may wish to turn for a few moments their weary eyes to Nature and to Love."

THE October issue of the *Windsor Magazine* contains "The Cat That Walked By Itself," one of the *Just-So Stories* included in Mr. Kipling's new volume. Mr. Cecil Aldin has made the illustrations for the *Windsor*. The illustrations in the book are by Mr. Kipling. It is interesting to compare Mr. Kipling's idea of the way the stories should be illustrated with Mr. Aldin's.

EACH of the *Just-So Stories* has an accompanying set of verses. To "How the Camel Got His Hump" the following wholesome jingle is appended:—

The Camel's hump is an ugly lump
Which well you may see at the Zoo;
But uglier yet is the hump we get
From having too little to do. . . .
We climb out of bed with a frouzy head
And a snarly-yarly voice.
We shiver and scowl and we grunt and we growl
At our bath, and our boots and our toys. . . .
The cure for this ill is not to sit still,
Or frowst with a book by the fire;
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,
And dig till you gently perspire. . . .
I get it as well as you—oo-oo—
If I haven't enough to do—oo-oo—
We all get hump—
Cameelious hump—
Kiddies and grown-ups too!

THE *Microbe*, "a Journalette" whose birth we mentioned some months ago, is no more. "Issued for Amusement and Sold for Threepence," it has reached its eighth number in Laura Street, East Brunswick, and there it has stopped. The valedictions of American journalettes are generally their most amusing feature. Thus the *Microbe*:—

To our generous correspondents, the public and the world:
This organ of culture and advanced ideas herewith takes up
its hat and passes out into the deep, dark night. If our
aesthetic audience will allow the term, we go absolutely and
irretrievably *nuva*. We wanted assistance and it came not,
we went out on the high road and called for literature and
the housewives ran out with penny novelettes. It is not
a pleasant sensation this "going under," and we owe an
apology to those interested for our going. We owe debts of
gratitude all round, and because we pay nothing more solid
than gratitude we expire. Also there is not a single reader
who knows what work is required to produce this paper, and
this is our apology.

AFTER issuing a reprint of Penn's *No Cross No Crown*, Messrs. Isbister received a wrapper addressed to "Mr. Wm. Penn," containing two sermons, intended, no doubt, for Mr. William Penn's edification and to confute some of his more obnoxious errors.

DAGONET's literary competitions in the *Referee* do not often produce anything so good as the acrostic verses for which Mrs. Charles Young, of Fulham, has been awarded a gold châtelaïne purse:—

WORTHING.

W an sca, wet wind, and the thrust of surf on the flints,
O n the sea-born rebel legions which outface and defy their lord
R apidly—is it not summer? the drift divides and the sun
T hrills the chill air and fills it with scents of flowers and
the sea.
H igh on the Downs the windmills strike upward their
labouring arms
I n the warm west wind which stretches the sails of the
yachts, and sways
N earer the gusts of music from the grey parade where the
throng
G lows in the sunshine forgetting the shivering rain-swept
dawn.

IN connection with the Tercentenary of the Bodleian Library, which will be celebrated a few days hence, Mr. J. B. Firth writes a very interesting account of the institution in the *Contemporary*. He points out that no other library in the world can compare with the Bodleian in the charm of its setting; no other is so essentially the work of one pious founder. The British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, and the Library of Congress at Washington are great institutions of State, making little or no appeal to sentiment, whereas the Bodleian "makes an intimate and personal appeal to all who climb the winding staircase which gives access to its ancient galleries and halls. The spirit of Sir Thomas Bodley pervades them; one feels instinctively that here is the handiwork of a single man, and that a single brain devised the whole magnificent scheme. The librarian is still Bodley's Librarian. Bodley is, and must ever continue to be, the presiding genius of the place." In recounting the early history of the Bodleian, Mr. Firth gives us a curious glimpse of the morality of scholars and book-lovers in the sixteenth century.

The mistake was made of trusting too implicitly to the consciences of readers, and many valuable books were lost. Scholars were permitted to take books away if they left a deposit in cash as a pledge of good faith. But the deposits were usually trifling compared with the value of the books, and the more unscrupulous willingly forfeited the money and kept manuscripts. Others were stolen; others were entered as "missing," a distinction, probably, without a difference. There is a curious tradition to the effect that the famous Italian scholar, Polydore Vergil, stole so many books that the authorities were at last compelled to deny him access to the room. Yet, unabashed and unashamed, he obtained from Henry VIII. a special license to borrow whatever manuscripts he desired, and the librarian had to bow to the ruling of the masterful Tudor King. It is interesting to notice, as showing the prevailing laxity of morals in the matter of filching books from libraries, that the schoolboy practice of inserting a commination in the fly-leaf with a rude sketch of the gallows possesses the sanction of antiquity. "Si quis rapiat, raptim titulume retractet, Vel Judæ laqueum vel furcas sensiat." Such is the warning found in one of the few books given by Duke Humphrey which still survive in the Bodleian.

ZOLA's practice that no day should be without its line was broken by his death only as a stick is broken. Not a day's sickness suspended his amazing habit of industry, his remorseless method. In the night, when no man can work, he went to his undesired rest. Through an absurd accident one of the greatest literary minds left to us was extinguished in silence and darkness. Of melancholy details the papers have been full; in another column we attempt to appraise Zola's character and achievement. It is interesting to remember that in one of his future works we were likely to have a study of London. Everyone remembers his flight to these shores four years ago, and his strange concealed sojourn in the suburbs of London, and in various

country retreats. Mr. Ernest Alfred Vizetelly has told the story of that strange sojourn in our midst by the writer of *J'accuse*. M. Zola's stay lasted many months, and was of necessity irksome. His whereabouts had to be concealed, and disguises, strategies, and small deceptions had to be entered into in order to secure this end.

AFTER several changes of residence, the Queen's Hotel, Upper Norwood, became Zola's resting-place. This hotel, it should be explained, consists of what were once separate houses, and to the various parts or "pavilions" separate entrances and staircases are still attached. Here he made himself comfortable, and, while his henchmen kept watch and ward, settled down to write and observe and talk. Small things pleased him when great were lacking. "Do you know," he remarked to Mr Vizetelly one afternoon,

"when I come out all alone for my constitutional, and want to shake off some worrying thoughts, I often amuse myself by counting the number of hairpins which I see lying on the foot-pavement. Oh! you need not laugh, it is very curious, I assure you. I already had ideas for two essays—one on the capital 'I' in its relation to the English character, and another on the physiology of the English 'guillotine' window and the forms it affects, not forgetting the circumstance that whenever an architect introduces a French window into an English house, it invariably opens outwardly so as to be well buffeted by the wind, instead of into the room as it should do. Well, now I am beginning to think that I might write something on the carelessness of Englishwomen in fastening up their hair, and the phenomenal consumption of hairpins in England. For the consumption must be enormous since the loss is so great, as I will show you."

Then he proceeded to ocular demonstration. As we walked on for half an hour or so, principally along roads bordered by the umbrageous gardens of villa residences, we counted all the hairpins we could see. There were about four dozen. And he was careful to point out that we had chiefly followed a route where there was but a moderate amount of traffic.

It was on the journey to Wimbledon, where he found a temporary home, that M. Zola first became sufficiently detached from his troubles to look around him with any eagerness. He gazed intently on the river scene from Waterloo Bridge. He denounced the ugliness of Hungerford Bridge, which Paris would not have tolerated for four-and-twenty hours. He was astonished to find that the Savoy Hotel, where he had stayed in 1893, had been architecturally dwarfed by the Hotel Cecil. "To think, too," said he, "that you had such a site, here, along the river, and allowed it to be used for hotels and clubs, and so forth. There was room for a Louvre here, and you want one badly." As the train approached Clapham Junction M. Zola's face was glued to the window.

At the sight of all the mean, dusty streets, lined with little houses of uniform pattern, each close pressed to the other—at the frequently recurring glimpses of squalor and shabby gentility—M. Zola exploded.

"It is awful!" he said.

We were alone in our compartment, and he looked first from one window and then from the other. Next came a torrent of questions: Why were the houses so small? Why were they all so ugly and so much alike? What classes of people lived in them? Why were the roads so dusty? Why was there such a litter of fragments of paper lying about everywhere? Were those streets never watered? Was there no scavengers' service? And then a remark: "You see that house, it looks fairly clean and neat in front. But there! look at the back-yard—all rubbish and poverty! One notices that again and again!"

But the brightness of Wimbledon, and its suggestion of wealth, pleased M. Zola. Again and again he said that the Wimbledon shops "were by far superior to such as one would find in a French town of corresponding size at a similar distance from the capital." It was at Wimbledon that M. Zola discovered that cycling "rationals," of which he is an advocate in France, "are

not suited to the lithe and somewhat spare figure of the average English girl," who, he remarked, carries herself better than her French sister. Bloomers for Frenchwomen, skirts for Englishwomen, became his dogma. And at Wimbledon, M. Zola began admiring English scenery, especially the splendid holly hedges in the district. The rookeries, too, gave him many a half-hour's wonder and delight. But Zola did not fail to see London as a whole. It impressed him as it impressed Heine by its vastness. He said "London's beauty is not in its monuments, but in its immensity; the colossal character of its quays and bridges, to which ours are as toys. The Thames, from London Bridge to Greenwich, I can only compare to an immense moving street of ships, large and small, something suggestive to the Parisian mind of an aquatic Rue de Rivoli. The docks are stupendous buildings, but what impressed me most were the splendid arrangements for unloading vessels, which came close up to the quays, and disembarked their cargoes into the shops, as it were."

OWING to the death of the Hon. Mary Henniker, the August number of *The Eastern Counties Magazine*, which would also have been the first number of the third year, will not be published, and in future the magazine will be discontinued. The Hon. Mary Henniker was a daughter of the fourth Baron Henniker, by his marriage with Anne, the eldest daughter of Sir Edward Kerrison, and, with her sister, the Hon. Helen Henniker, was for a long time a conspicuous figure in society. She was born in 1838, and in the old-fashioned house in Grafton Street she, with her mother and sister, entertained with unostentatious dignity. Among the guests were not only those best known in English society—statesmen, soldiers, divines, diplomatists, wits and beauties—but European and Asiatic monarchs climbed the roomy staircase. Though for some years an invalid, Miss Henniker continued an indefatigable worker, and only a few years back founded *The Eastern Counties Magazine*, of which she continued the editorship till the day of her death. She was remarkable for her tact and knowledge of character, and her warmth of heart and frankness of disposition gained her the esteem and affection of all who knew her.

FIONA MACLEOD's characteristic work reappears in the *Contemporary Review*, where, under the title of "Sea-Magic and Running Water," she gives her readers those strange pictures full of Celtic charm and twilight of which her store seems inexhaustible. Take this, as it emerges from the other articles on the Boer war, education, labour troubles, and foreign politics—all the prose of the day:—

Morag she never saw again, nor did any other see her, except Padraig Macrae, the innocent, who on a New Year's eve, that was a Friday, said that as he was whistling to a seal down by the pool at Sráth-na-inara he heard someone laughing at him; and when he looked to see who it was he saw it was no other than Morag—and he had called to her, he said, and she called back to him, "Come away, Padraig dear," and then had swum off like a seal, crying the heavy tears of sorrow.

And as for the child she had found again on the place she had left her own silent breast-babe seven years back, it never gave a cry or made any sound whatever, but stared with round, strange eyes only, and withered away in three days, and was hidden by her in a sand-hole at the root of a stunted thorn that grew there.

At every going down of the sun thereafter, the mother of the changling went to the edge of the sea, and stood among the wet tangle of the wrack, and put out her supplicating hands, but never spoke word nor uttered cry.

But on this night of September, while the gleaming seafowl were flying through the burning glens of scarlet flame in the wide purple wildness of the sky, with the wind falling and wailing and wailing and falling, the woman went over to the running water beyond the seapool, and put her skirt over her head and stepped into the pool, and, hooded thus and thus patient, waited till the tide came in.

GEORGE DOUGLAS BROWN has left many unpublished manuscripts, including two almost completed novels. One unpublished work is an exhaustive essay on "Hamlet" from a new point of view. In this he approaches the consideration of the tragedy *de novo*, putting on one side the whole mass of literature on the subject. All his unpublished manuscripts are in the charge of Mr. John Macqueen, and they will be shortly put in order for publication.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us where he may obtain the magazine called *The Protest*. As stated in our announcement of this publication, it is published at Crockham Hill, Edenbridge, Kent. Application should be made to the Editor.

LORD ROSEBURY will preside at the forthcoming annual meeting of the London Topographical Society, to be held in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries at Burlington House, on the 15th, at 5 o'clock. This society is doing excellent work which intrinsically deserves, though it does not receive, much public attention. Lord Rosebury's presidency will ensure that this year's proceedings will be well reported.

"BENJAMIN SWIFT'S" *The Eternal Conflict* has just been translated into French by Dr. Doleris, a Paris surgeon.

Bibliographical.

THE decease of M. Zola will, of course, lead to a demand for such of his books as have appeared in an English version. Most of these are on the list of Messrs. Chatto and Windus, who began their association with M. Zola, I believe, in 1892, when they issued *The Downfall* (*Le Débauché*). Since then they have brought out in succession *The Dream* (1893), *Louderes and Money* (1894), *The Fat and the Thin* (*Le Ventre de Paris*) (1895), *Rome* (1896), *His Excellency and The Dram Shop* (*L'Assommoir*) (1897), *The Fortune of the Rougons and Paris* (1898), *The Abbé Mouret, The Conquest of Plassans, and Fruitfulness* (1900), *Germinal, The Honour of the Army and Other Stories, The Joy of Life, and Work* (1901). Mr. Heinemann publishes *The Attack on the Mill* (1892) and *Stories for Ninon* (1895); Messrs. Hutchinson, *A Love Episode* (*Page d'Amour*) (1895), and *The Ladies' Paradise* (*Au Bonheur de Dames*) (1895), and *The Monomaniac* (*La Bête Humaine*) (1901); Mr. John Lane, the letters on the Dreyfus case. *The Ladies' Paradise* and *A Love Episode* were published in sixpenny form in 1900. *La Curée* has been translated under the titles of *The Rush for the Spoil* (1885) and *In the Swim* (1887); *La Joie de Vivre*, under that of *How Jolly Life Is!* (1886).

Mr. F. J. Crowest, the new editor-manager of the Walter Scott Publishing Co., promises us a volume of anecdote about music makers and interpreters. Will this be founded on the *Book of Musical Anecdote* which he published in 1878? Mr. Crowest has been a fertile writer on music and musical history. He began in 1874 with the collection of biographical sketches called *The Great Tone Poets*. Then came *Phases of Musical England* (1881), *A Catechism of Musical History and Biography* (1883), *Musical Groundwork* (1890), *Cherubini*, in the "Great Musicians" series (1890), *The Story of British Music*, down to Tudor times (1896), *Verdi: Man and Musician* (1897), *Beethoven*, in the "Master Musicians" series, which Mr. Crowest edits (1899), and *The Story of Music* (1902). Mr. Crowest is the author also of *Advice to Singers*, the fourth edition of which appeared in 1889. He is a notable instance of modern specialism in literary work.

Mr. Owen Seaman's new volume, *Borrowed Plumes*, differs from its predecessors from the same hand in consisting almost wholly of prose parody (the chief exceptions being skits upon the manner of Mr. William Watson and Mr. Stephen Phillips). Mr. Seaman's first publication, it would seem, was *Edipus the Wreck*, a travesty printed at Cambridge in 1888, and suggested by a local performance of *Edipus Rex* in the previous year. Then came *With Double Pipe*, published at Oxford in 1888. Neither of these things, I fancy, have been republished. Not till 1895 did Mr. Seaman address the reading world as a whole in his *Horace at Cambridge* (revised edition, 1902) and his *Tillers of the Sand*. *The Battle of the Bays* followed in 1896, *In Cap and Bells* in 1900, and *Victoria, Regina, Imperatrix* in 1901.

Mr. C. H. E. Brookfield's *Random Reminiscences*, which many of us will welcome, will not be his first contribution to *belles lettres*. Nine years ago he gave us a volume of short stories called *The Twilight of Love: Four Studies of the Artistic Temperament*. His dramatic monologue called "Nearly Seven," his one-act comedietta "The Burglar and the Judge," and the dialogue he wrote for D'Oyley Carte's revival of "The Grand Duchess" have also been printed—in 1885, 1893, and 1897 respectively. The "book" of his burlesque called "The Poet and the Puppets" is no doubt to be found upon the second-hand bookstalls. In most of his other stage pieces he has had collaborators.

Mr. T. B. D. May is to add yet another to the versions of the *Æneid* in English blank verse. One such version, surely, was issued by Mr. Theodore Martin some half dozen years ago. Blank verse has been a favourite measure with English translators of Virgil's poem. To mention only a few, there are the names of N. Brady (1716), J. Trapp (1718), A. Strahan (1739), J. Beresford (1794), J. Miller (1863), G. K. Rickards (1871), Lord Ravensworth (1872), and J. W. Thornhill (1886). Perhaps the most extraordinary thing that happened to the *Æneid* was its translation into Scottish verse by Bishop Douglas.

The anthologist, nowadays, is apt to find that he has been anticipated by somebody. Thus, the announcement of *Heaven's Way*, a selection from the religious poems of Henry Vaughan, recalls the fact that only five years have elapsed since a selection from Vaughan's sacred verse was published with decorations by Mr. C. S. Rickards. Vaughan's *Secular Poems* had been brought together just four years previously by Mr. J. R. Tutin.

Among the announcements for the season is a selection from the Poetical Works of John Skelton the elder—not the John Skelton of our later days. There is no doubt room for this, though the public interest in Skelton cannot be absorbing. Skelton was represented in "The Works of the English Poets," edited by Chalmers in 1810, and in Sanford's "Works of the British Poets" in 1819. Mr. Dyce's edition of the *Poetical Works of Skelton* dates back to 1843.

George Romney is to find his latest biographer in that industrious literary baronet, Sir Herbert Maxwell. He has already had four biographers—William Hayley, whose book appeared in 1800, the Rev. John Romney (1830), H. Gamlin (*Romney and his Art*), and Lord Ronald Gower, who contributed a monograph on *Romney and Laurence* to the series of "Illustrated Biographies of Great Artists."

The publication of Miss Beatrice Hatches *Scenes from "Cranford"* recalls the fact that what she has attempted to do for Mrs. Gaskell was attempted in the case of Miss Austen by Miss Rosina Filippi, who, since then, has adapted *Pride and Prejudice* to the stage. One wonders what the two authors would have thought of this cutting-up of their works into "scenes" and so forth for amateur performance. Miss Austen, perhaps, would have enjoyed it.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Trial of Jeanne D'Arc.

Jeanne D'Arc, Maid of Orleans. The Story of her Life as set forth in the Original Documents. Edited by T. Douglas Murray. (Heinemann. 15s. net.)

THE publication of this translation is a notable event for the English reader. Sixty years ago Quicherat discovered in the French archives the official texts of the Trial and Rehabilitation of Jeanne d'Arc and embodied them in his *Procès de Condemnation*, &c. For many years it has been possible to buy a French edition of the official text for a few francs. But not till to-day has an English publisher thought it worth his while to issue a well-edited English translation, arranged and annotated by a competent scholar. While giving credit to the able editor, Mr. T. Douglas Murray, for his Introduction, Notes, and Appendices, and to Mr. Heinemann for his production of the book, we are surprised to see that the translator's name is not given on the title page. It is within our knowledge that translations such as this are often only rendered possible by the devotion, and indeed by the initiative of some humble student who, having given up much pain and time to his task, does not appear on what may be called the public stage of the literary performance. Whatever may be the excellent reasons for his anonymity, we wish to render thanks here to the unknown translator.

The *Trial and Rehabilitation of Jeanne D'Arc* is one of those rare documents of life, which it is absurd to class merely as historical documents, which ought to be recognised as a classic in literature, and should be placed on the shelf of every intelligent reader as a living story, a profoundly mournful and indeed terrible narrative of human fatuity and human frailty. It not only contains the testament of one of the finest spirits known to history, Jeanne d'Arc, but it is also one of the deepest commentaries on the greed and callousness of the human mind and an artistic narrative thrown together by the hands of those designing artists Time and Chance. It so happens that the official account of the great drama played in 1431 in the Castle of Rouen (reported almost verbatim so far as interrogations and Jeanne's answers are concerned) falls into artistic form inasmuch as the language of the Depositions, the Exhortations, and Admonitions, the Articles of Accusation, the Recantation, and the Sentence of Death give us the psychology of the Prosecution in no less complete a fashion than Jeanne's replies to her judges reveal absolutely her own extraordinary and exalted spirit. That is to say, that the verbatim report of this damnable trial, though unfortunately throwing but sidelights on the prime movers behind the scene, the English nobles, not only gives us the very soul and body of the time, but by its clear exhibition of the whole machinery of Church and State arrayed to crush this girl of twenty, and half foiled, having resort to both fraud and violence, we are really brought more into the very heart and secret truth of things than if Jeanne d'Arc's life had been treated artistically by the greatest of the great creative artists.

The trial at Rouen was in fact a pre-arranged affair, in which Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais, practically undertook Jeanne should be found guilty of heresy and be condemned to the stake. But to secure the verdict against her the law had to be violated, and all the forces of fraud, calumny and deceit brought into play. The ecclesiastics selected to try Jeanne were, as we should say nowadays, "a packed jury"; no counsel was allowed her; no evidence was called on her behalf; the few lawyers and doctors in divinity who did not show themselves prejudiced against her were, as was De Houppesville, driven away, imprisoned, or silenced, or, as Lohier, they refused to take part in illegal proceedings, or as the Dominican, Brother Ysambard, for giving Jeanne advice were

threatened by the English with death. Further, the decision of the University of Paris against Jeanne was based on a concoction of her evidence submitted by the Bishop of Beauvais. And lastly, Jeanne was not only illegally kept in the hands of the English while she was being tried by the French Ecclesiastics, but the evidence goes to show that after her Recantation, and her assumption of a woman's dress, Jeanne was violently treated in the prison, was molested, beaten, and ill-used by the lowest English soldiers so that she might "relapse." Whether she was actually violated or outraged in prison by an English noble, as Brother Ysambard states, or not, there is not the least doubt that the English were prepared to stick at nothing in order to bring her to the stake. In short, in this most infamous and cowardly trial, there are only two bright spots in the proceedings—first, that certain of the clerics present were evidently anxious to thwart the Prosecution and save Jeanne from death; and secondly, that though preparations were made for torturing Jeanne, and the instruments and executioners shown her, ready for their holy work, Jeanne's superb answer seems to have shamed her Judges, and they decided "that it was expedient to delay it, at least for the present." That the Bishop of Beauvais wished Jeanne to be tortured seems to be implied by his action, three days later, in again taking up the matter:—"We did in particular consult them [the Assessors] on the question of submitting Jeanne to the torture." But only two out of the fourteen Assessors voted for the torture, and the matter dropped. Of the figures in the trial the two that stand out pre-eminent are of course Jeanne herself and her persecutor Pierre, by the Divine Mercy Bishop of Beauvais, that "Reverend Father in Christ." The smooth and lying spirit of this worldly prelate is admirably reflected in the bland hypocrisy of his general comments on the various stages and steps taken in the trial, also in the skill shown in the underground manipulation of the Bishop's own creatures, and the utilization of the various Archdeacons and Canons in the public Exhortations and Admonitions, done professionally and above board.

Of Jeanne herself the attentive reader of these hundred pages of her answers to her judges can only repeat the words of the great Count de Dunois, who fought by her side. "I think that Jeanne was sent by God . . . there was in her something divine," inasmuch as her faith, her courage, her strength of soul and her clairvoyance caused her indeed to perform miracles for her country. If we look at Jeanne solely through the medium of her own responses to her judges, one knows not whether to marvel most at the intensity of her faith or at the subtlety of its wit which put her enemies to confusion. "Do you know if you are in the grace of God?" she was asked, a most dangerous and fatal question to her had she answered yea or nay. But she replied, "If I am not, may God place me there; if I am, may God so keep me." Her intense courage, prudence, faith, and common sense are sufficient to account for her earthly success, but they cannot account for her marvellously fulfilled predictions. Her "Voices," as Mr. Andrew Lang has well said, were her own inner convictions and the depths of her own soul speaking to her in the guise of heavenly visitants. The most pathetic and unbearable passages in these documents are to be found in the glimpses the Rehabilitation affords of those hours of her mental agony when Jeanne, after long days and nights of confinement with the lowest English jailors, beset and worried ceaselessly by the snares of the pious ecclesiastics, surrounded by her enemies, and weakened by illness, broke down, and for a little time was indeed only a frightened and tortured girl of twenty. Marvellous it is how she kept her courage, her will, her supreme faith in God in the face of the crushing array of malignant faces; at her Recantation, as Manchon says, "she certainly smiled." The executioner was there with the cart, waiting to take her to the

burning"—and after her abjuration she entreated, "*lead me to your prisons that I may be no longer in the hands of the English.*" To which my Lord of Beauvais replied, "*Lead her back whence she was taken.*"

The peculiar psychological interest of *The Trial and Rehabilitation* is, in short, that it stands out in literature as the type and symbol of the countless thousands of unrecorded cases where brave and fine spirits have been ensnared and doomed by the hate and callousness of many enemies interested in their death. It is the daily drama of muddy human motives, human baseness, and average weakness that is here brought into high significance, and realised for us so terribly, simply because the figure of the victim is at once so heroic, so simple and pure, so brave and compassionate. It is not often that the meshes of the web spun deliberately by crafty men for their victims' undoing are shown forth in the light of day, but artistically the beauty of the trial is that the hypocrisy and falsity of the whole Prosecution, of these "venerable and circumspect Fathers in Christ," of these "discreet and learned Reverend Paternities" is more and more forced on them and forced out of them by Jeanne's own devout faith and simple reliance on God. There is internal evidence in the Six Public Examinations and in the Nine Private Examinations to show that the better the judges succeeded in entrapping Jeanne to commit herself on points of theological doctrine, the more they themselves fell under the spell of Jeanne's astounding personality, and that secretly the majority of her judges at the end wished themselves out of the affair, and indeed repented of their share in this legal murder. It is extremely interesting to compare the personal testimony and personal gossip of the clerics and notaries as recorded by them in depositions twenty years afterwards, and preserved in the Rehabilitation. The tide had, of course, turned then in favour of Jeanne, but making allowance for the cowardice of the human soul it would seem that just before and at the execution most of the clerics present were in the state of mind of Maître Jean Alépée, Canon of Rouen, who "was heard to say these words, weeping greatly, '*God grant that my soul may be in the place where I believe this woman's to be.*'" Thus Loyseleur, who was guilty of the most infamous act of all—of visiting Jeanne in prison in an assumed dress and worming out of her secret confessions which he then carried to the Bishop of Beauvais—would seem to have publicly entreated her forgiveness, and for this act to have been roughly handled and grossly ill-treated by the English soldiers. Other "Reverend Paternities" expressly state that they left Rouen a day before the execution. Many apparently were deeply concerned at Jeanne's "relapse," but at this final stage the Bishop of Beauvais, in active collusion with the English, probably had the more merciful of the ecclesiastics at a complete moral disadvantage. We shall never know what pressure was brought to bear upon them, behind the scenes; the execution was hurried on again illegally, and the English at length had the satisfaction of seeing the girl of twenty, who had beaten them repeatedly in the field, roasted alive. "The executioner," says a deposition, "was stricken and moved with a marvellous repentance and contrition, quite desperate, and fearing never to obtain pardon and indulgence from God . . ." And says another deposition, the executioner complained "of the cruel manner of fastening her to the stake—for the English had caused a high scaffold to be made of plaster, and as the said executioner reported he could not well or easily hasten matters, nor reach her, at which he was much vexed. . . ."

We have said enough perhaps to show that the Trial and Rehabilitation of Jeanne d'Arc is a literary classic. The English reader has had to wait sixty years for a well-edited and well-arranged translation of the documents, wherefore let us again thank Mr. T. Douglas Murray, and the anonymous translator.

A Readable History.

A History of Egypt from the End of the Neolithic Period to the Death of Cleopatra VII. 8 vols. By E. A. Wallis Budge. (Kegan Paul. Each 3s. 6d. net.)

THE history of Ancient Egypt is one of the most deeply interesting in the world, but has hitherto in great measure remained a sealed book for the English reader. This has been in some degree due to the absence of materials, although this reproach is yearly being taken away by the energy of Prof. Flinders Petrie and his school of excavators. But a more abiding cause is to be found in the lack of skill of the historians, who have either recounted their marvels in so dry and technical a manner as to deprive them of all interest, or have poured them upon us in so cumbrous a manner that the mind of the "man in the street" has refused to grapple with such an overwhelming mass of facts. Dr. Budge, however, has gone to work in a different manner, and in the present book has done much to satisfy both the instructed and the uninstructed reader. In the eight volumes before us—no great allowance when it is considered that the period they cover is some forty-five centuries—he gives a very full and careful account of all the facts regarding ancient Egypt that can profitably be deduced from her relics, at the same time furnishing in the course of his narrative some eight or nine summaries in which he condenses the history of each epoch as it concludes. Hence this book can and in fact should be used in two ways. By picking out the summaries the most uninstructed reader will be able to form in his own mind a more graphic and clearer picture of the whole history of the Egyptians than he is likely to get elsewhere, and then he can, if he wishes to go further, study in detail the evidence and deductions on which these summaries are based. An excellent index and a full map will also enable the student to turn at once to any episode—such as, for instance, the Exodus—which particularly interests him. This is alone no slight boon, as all who have grappled with M. Maspero's magnificent but entirely unindexed *Histoire ancienne* must confess.

As a fair sample, let us take the episode, more romantic than many to be found in fiction, of the rise and fall of the Brotherhood of Amen. Dr. Budge tells us that when, about 1700 B.C., the native princes of Thebes succeeded in expelling the hated Hyksos, strangers who had for a long period held Egypt in subjection, they found it expedient to enter into alliance with the priesthood of Amen, a deity much worshipped in Thebes, and afterwards identified with the sun-god Râ. Thereafter Amen was looked upon as in a peculiar way the father of the kings of Egypt—a doctrine which proved extremely convenient when the title to the throne was otherwise unsound—and one king after another delighted to heap gifts and benefits upon his priests. In spite of the old Egyptian theory that every god was supreme in his own city or province, he was proclaimed "king of the gods," and his priests quickly rose to a position in the state which enabled them, under weak Pharaohs, to enjoy the privileges without the responsibilities of despotic power. The "heretic king" Amenophis IV. tried in vain to combat them by setting up a god of his own, both more purely solar and more intolerant than the Amen whose name he bore. His heresy was wiped out and his memory was so far as might be effaced, not apparently in any violent manner, but in the slow and patient way that reminds one of the best efforts in that respect of the early Christian Church; and the result was only to rivet the yoke yet more firmly on the necks of his successors. From one upward step to another the priests of Amen made good their way until, some six hundred years after the expulsion of the Hyksos, one of their number seated himself upon the throne of the Pharaohs, which thereafter became for some time an appanage of the Brotherhood. From what is known of their rule it seems to have been mild and unoppressive,

but it brought about in the end the downfall of the nation. Avarice and indolence led them to abandon the defence of the Delta to the energetic princes of Tanis and thus to split the empire into two parts. Three hundred years later, when the successful soldier Shishak, who was in all likelihood the suzerain of Solomon, king of Israel, again united Egypt under a single sceptre, the priests of Amen fled to Napata (the modern Meroë), where they hastened to display the powers both for good and evil of a church in adversity. Settling there among a people of uncertain affinities, who were probably the ancestors of the modern Abyssinians, they succeeded in inspiring them with a fanatical devotion to Amen which they had never succeeded in instilling into their own pacific and industrious countrymen, and somewhat later they led the armies of their "Ethiopian" or Nubian converts down the Nile to the conquest of Egypt. The raid was in great measure successful, but the civil wars which followed hopelessly weakened Egypt, and as the Nubian Pharaohs wisely refused to abandon their ancestral kingdom to please their spiritual advisers, it proved impossible to govern the lower provinces from the far-distant Soudan. The difficulty gave the Western Asian powers their opportunity, and first Assyria, then Chaldaea and finally Persia seized and held the Nile Valley, ruling for the most part with the connivance and by the help of the native priesthood. The brief intervals of native revolt were put an end to by Alexander's conquest of Asia, and thereafter Egypt became a "geographical expression," ruled for the benefit first of Greek kings and after of Roman pro-consuls. Those who seek for occasions of offence against what Sir Walter Besant used to call "the Priest in Power" might derive much benefit from Dr. Budge's account of the priesthood of Amen.

In other matters, it is interesting to see that Dr. Budge falls foul of the Higher Critics as exemplified by Canon Cheyne, and demolishes pretty effectually the latter's theory that it is not Egypt, but some fabulous "Arabian" Empire which is referred to in the cuneiform chronicles as Mizraim. The result of this is to further weaken the extraordinary doctrine put forward by Canon Cheyne in the *Encyclopædia Biblica* that half the names in the Old Testament are variants of "Jerahmeel," and goes far to support the view put forward more than once in these columns that many of the positions of the Higher Criticism could not be defended against the attacks of real scholarship. On the other hand, Dr. Budge shows himself to be no adherent of any inspirational views, and points out with much cogency that while the story of Joseph, like many other of the legends of the Pentateuch, are to be referred to Egyptian sources, the names of the actors in that story show it to have been composed at least three centuries after the date to which he assigns the Exodus. Dr. Budge's acquaintance with the Assyrian and Egyptian Antiquities of which he is keeper at the British Museum, together with his erudition in the ancient Semitic tongues, make him a peculiarly trustworthy guide in such matters.

Verses and a Comedy.

Verses. By D. C. Tovey. (Curtis, Guildford. 2s. 6d. net.)

Lyrics and Verses. By Arthur L. Salmon. (Blackwood. 2s. 6d.)

The Lovers' Battle: A Heroical Comedy in Rhyme. By Clotilde Graves. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

MR. TOVEY'S very thin little book contains only sixteen poems, none of them long; and not all of these can truthfully be called of equal merit. Yet the tiny handful is none the less among the slender number of books which justify publication. Mr. Tovey's gift is very distinctly minor, but it is no less distinctly a gift, in its modest

kind. Without much emotional power, without imagination or fancy, he has at his highest a sense of form and quietly just diction which can best be described as classic. Nor is this accidental. For most of his more successful pieces are based on suggestion from some Greek writer (frankly acknowledged at the head of the poem); and when this is not the case, the piece is nevertheless built upon a classic theme. Therewithal he has a faculty of clenching the poem with an arresting final stanza which is almost Heinesque in a subdued degree. It is not sudden and epigrammatic enough to be truly Heinesque; but were it less mitigated it would violate the classic key. An excellent example is "Charon as Prophet," where Orpheus (descending to Hades in quest of Eurydice) bids Charon row in rhythm with his song. Charon answers:—

Know on this mere thy charm prevails no more,
Though thou resume it on the further shore.

A more potent spell diverts the ear of the shades from his song, and delays Charon's boat—the wail:—

Content thee that thy notes awhile are scorn'd
For homelier sounds, that tell them they are mourn'd.

A striking idea, it is put with grave simplicity. The close is no less effective. Charon has seen Eurydice harkening to Orpheus' own lamentation for her. And (knowing how Orpheus shall lose her in the instant of regaining) he prophesies:—

And once again, I trow, from realms of light
That self-same dirge of thine shall pierce our night;
I once again shall hear her bird-like plaint
And see those flickering fingers, wan and faint.
What time, impatient minstrel! thou shall borrow
Too soon thy joy, to take again thy sorrow.

The last couplet drives home the idea with an Elizabethan pregnancy, though the rest of the poem is purely classic. One is not surprised that Mr. Tovey ends his book with some admirably translated epigrams. Nevertheless, when he pleases (as in the "Song of the Fates") he can show grace of expression without a touch of epigram.

Mr. Salmon combines a simple diction with a true if not impassioned feeling. Not in any way a singer of mark, his gift is sincere and veritable in its degree. His verse as a whole has a certain thinness. But there are poems where, at least in portions, the expression closes its ranks (so to speak) and the sentiment becomes, in consequence, impressive and distinguished. So of the ruined girl who goes forth "Exiled":—

Her hair is scattered to the breezes' scorn,
The trees' tumultuous play.
The eddying leaves are driven into her eyes,
As though they willed like bitter taunts to sting;
From sudden nooks the lurking tempest tries
To tear her drooping wing.
She does not wail nor turn her tearless sight
To where the latest tinge of sundown lay;
But forth into the sobbing haunted night
She takes her hopeless way.

Such also is the case in "The Consoling Eros," which sets forth the theme that hopeless love is not unrewarded love:—

Ye who have loved in vain,
Nursing a passion that seemed wholly pain,
Great is your blessedness,
Since no unmeet reward can make it less.

This poem on the whole, indeed, is good. Quite good, too, is the first part of "Two Ways of Life," which is a gospel of self-centredness; though we lack room for quotation. Singularly, the second and antagonistic part, expressing (apparently) the poet's real and considered view, is inferior as poetry. Mr. Salmon's book deserves measured praise.

Miss Graves has made an adventurous, and we think rash-guided, experiment in her little volume. She not only has attempted to contrive a play on the theme of Pope's "Rape of the Lock," but has utilised part of Pope's verses in conjunction with her own. The fact of its being also a rhymed play does not strike us as being equally rash. Rhyme has been used before in plays, and Miss Graves's handling of it quite justifies her choice. The artificial form goes happily with the artificial comedy. The use of Pope's theme might have succeeded, though the odds are against it. But the use of Pope's verses, sandwiched among the author's own, was not merely a daring but a fatal idea. An Austin Dobson would have shunned the great comparison. As it is there is no need to indicate by brackets the borrowed lines, as Miss Graves does. They stand out with cruel distinctness, and the verse of a cleverer writer could not live in such contact. Then Miss Graves has been ill-advised, in a comedy, to retain the sylph machinery. She has even added a malignant gnome; and the "Supernaturals," in her hands, become pantomime fairies and demons. Her comedy proper has a certain deftness—the deftness of a tried playwright; but Sir Plume is farce, and schoolboy-farce at that. The obviousness of it is unthinkable:—

Alas! my killing glance!
Poor rustic virgin! stricken to the heart!
Say, art thou better, child? I trust thou art.

Such speech has not the amount of nature necessary for farcical vanity: and it is not the worst. Yet Miss Graves's own rhyming heroics are neat and well-turned: they catch the Papist manner cleverly, and would be adequate enough had she not courted an unsustainable juxtaposition. The whole piece is quite passable stage-eighteenth century; but it fails through incontinent ambition and the mixture of childish farce. Pope, Swift, etc., are introduced, but are the reverse of life-like. It is a trifle which attempts too much.

Travel.

Aconcagua and Tierra del Fuego. By Sir Martin Conway. (Cassell. 12s. 6d. net.)

Sport and Politics under an Eastern Sky. By the Earl of Ronaldshay. (Blackwood. 21s.)

WE recalled the other day Dr. Johnson's saying that all travel-books were very badly written. Before his time, however, admirable travel-books had been written, and many since. Here are two, both good in their way, though in point of presentation Sir Martin Conway's is far ahead of Lord Ronaldshay's.

It seems fitting that Sir Martin Conway's latest, and last, book describing his personal exploring experiences should deal with so little-known a mountain as Aconcagua. Its summit remained untouched, if not unassailed, by the foot of man until so recently as 1897. In the January of that year the first ascent was made by Sir Martin's old Himalayan guide, Matthias Zurbriggen, then in the service of Mr. E. A. FitzGerald. A few weeks later the second ascent was accomplished by two members of the same party, Mr. Stuart Vines and the guide Lanti. These two ascents, however, as the author says, were practically the same, "for they were made from the same set of camps and as the result of a single organisation." Sir Martin Conway's effort was of a different kind. The FitzGerald expedition was burdened with an elaborate equipment both of camp paraphernalia and scientific instruments. "I . . . desired," says Sir Martin, "to make a mere sporting ascent, unencumbered by instruments of any sort, in as quick a time as possible from Valparaiso and back, hoping thereby not merely to enjoy a stimulating experience, but to incite Chilean and Argentine mountaineers to follow my example."

The ascent was commenced from the Baths of the Incas on December 3, 1898. In five-and-a-half days the party were back at the starting point, having accomplished their mission without any serious mishap. Sir Martin had with him two Swiss guides, Maquignaz and Pellissier, and a native and enthusiastic individual named Anacleto. The difficulties were at no time serious from the point of view of veteran climbers, but all suffered from the intense cold. Gloves which were quite warm enough for the coldest Arctic nights "seemed absolutely incapable of protecting the hands against the biting frost," at a height of over 21,000 feet. And of course at such an altitude physical distress became extreme.

One of the most effective descriptive passages in the volume reads as follows:—

The coming of dawn was hidden from us by the interposing mountain, so we lost all sight of the rich unfolding glories of the east. But from the moment the sun peeped above the invisible horizon we were magnificently recompensed, for it poured forth upon the world beneath us a flood of fiery radiance, save where interposing mountains flung out their long shadows. Its effulgence visibly permeated the air over the Pacific. Standing as we did on the shaded side of Aconcagua, and at no very great distance from the summit, we saw its great cone of purple shade reach out at the moment of sunrise to the remotest horizon, more than two hundred miles distant—not, be it observed, a mere carpet of shadow on the ground, but a solid prism of purple, immersed in the glimmering flood of the crystalline sky, its outer surface enriched with layers of rainbow-tinted colour. We could see upon the ground the shadows of other mountains; but Aconcagua's shadow, in which we stood, alone revealed itself as substantial—not a plane, but a thing of three dimensions.

It is probable that Aconcagua will be the object of many future mountaineering expeditions; there is good accommodation, as well as excellent medicinal springs, at the Baths of the Incas, and there is now at any rate one native guide who knows the way to the summit—Anacleto. "I will set up as a guide and take people to the top," this mercurial person shouted. "I, Anacleto Olavarria, Guide to Aconcagua." As to the ascent itself, Sir Martin Conway declares it to be "entirely devoid of all ordinary dangers; indeed, from bottom to top there is not a step of any difficulty upon it."

The remainder of the volume is occupied with an account of the exploration of Mount Sarmiento, "A Glimpse of the Patagonian Pampas," "Fuegia: Historical and Geographical," besides some other travel matter. But for most readers the Aconcagua section will remain the most interesting part of the volume, a volume which no one can close without a feeling of deep gratitude to a writer who has always brought to his work a spirit of rare enthusiasm and most kindly humanity.

Lord Ronaldshay describes himself as "one of those who have succumbed to the alluring spell of the East, whose Circean grip once felt can never be forgotten," and his book succeeds in imparting to the reader something of the mystery and unexpectedness of travel under the Southern Cross. The narrative has no particular distinction—as mere literature it would hardly count—but it does not fail to hold the attention. We never suspect Lord Ronaldshay of heightening effects, and for a sportsman he is particularly candid; his many failures are set down as carefully as his successes.

The first section deals with shooting in Kashmir and Tibet, where there fell to the author's gun some notable specimens of nyáñ, goa, burhel and markhor. Perhaps the most interesting and individual chapter is that which describes a mid-winter crossing of the Himalayas. A considerable part of the journey was made in falling snow, and Lord Ronaldshay has a simple and effective passage describing the sudden fear of death which comes at least once to most men who get at grips with nature in solitude and darkness. The second section of the volume describes the return journey to England by way

of a new trade-route which starts from Quetta and crosses Baloochistan to Sistan. Thence the route lay through Eastern Persia to Meshed, from which place the Russian military railway is easily reached. It is in this part of the book that the politics come in. Lord Ronaldshay's views of a possible understanding with Russia may best be indicated in his own words: ". . . What is the value of an agreement with a country whose political code is of the kind which allows and applauds the deeds of a Kaufmann and a Komaroff, while it endeavours to blind its action with the conciliatory oratory of a Schouvaloff and a De Giers?" The volume is excellently illustrated from photographs by the author.

Other New Books.

The English Church in the Sixteenth Century from the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Death of Mary. By James Gairdner. (Macmillan.)

We have more than once had occasion to mention with praise the elaborate new history of the English Church, now being issued, on the syndicate principle, under the general editorship of the Dean of Winchester and Mr. Hunt. The present volume, which deals with the critical period of the Reformation, is naturally of exceptional importance, on account both of the controversies that still cling around it, and of the vast mass of material which has come to light and been carefully calendared since the very full and much discussed treatment of the subject in Froude's *History of England*. This has already been to some extent supplemented and perhaps corrected by the late Canon Dixon. But all students will be glad to have before them the views of one so admirably equipped for his task as Dr. Gairdner, who succeeded the late Dr. Brewer in the editorship of the monumental *Calendar of Letters and State Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.*, issued by the Record Office. Dr. Gairdner moves through vast masses of fact with the ease and confidence born of first-hand knowledge. He is judicious and impartial, even though he hardly conceals his personal dislike of Henry VIII. Above all, he succeeds, by a free use of detail, in being not only learned but interesting. Indeed, if he has a fault, it is perhaps one of proportion, in the over-elaborate handling of episodes in detail. The case of Richard Hunne is no doubt significant, in view of the light which it throws upon sixteenth century ideas and methods in relation to heresy, but it hardly claims that one out of twenty chapters should be wholly devoted to it. A minor feature of great value is the ecclesiastical map showing the dioceses and the religious houses as they existed at the time of the dissolution.

Sketches from Paris. By Betty F. (Sands. 3s. 6d.)

THESE are the most amazing "Sketches"—from Paris or anywhere else—that we ever have read. Imagine a kind of wildly exaggerated Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, without Miss Fowler's smartness, but with a perpetual air of going to be smart, without anything at all to write about or anything to say, yet saying and writing about it with irrepressible fluency. Then you will faintly conceive the book. At first, and for a time, it amuses you by the unconscious self-delineation of a recognisable and peculiarly feminine type. But before long you grow weary even of smiling at the authoress, and smile with her you cannot. You become utterly bored. The so-called "Sketches" merely relate how Miss F. (no relation, we presume, to the deceased gentleman with an immortalised Aunt) met various quite commonplace people, mostly (it would seem) in connection with a hospital, how certain quite usual things

happened, and how these things were very interesting to Miss F. because they happened in connection with Miss F. But what these people were like is "wrop in myst'ry." You only gather what Miss F. is like. She is a little (we feel sure, somehow, she is little), bustling, chirpy, inextinguishable lady, with a perpetual sprightliness of manner and a conviction (quite unwarranted) that she is making little jokes all the time. Her sentences bubble on anyhow—with a slip, dash, tumble and pick-yourself-up-again, never mind, here we go again, bother the grammar! kind of way; which is quite characteristic and amusing enough in small doses. This is the way:—

I think I have not told you that my political gentleman greengrocer lives in the same road as I do, and as the consul does, you can almost see the consular gateway from his door, because his house is on the opposite side of the road. . . . I felt all alone; I did not think I felt quite well. You see, we are not accustomed to the sensation of owning, or being told, that the English State, Church, Army, or Navy can be wrong; sometimes we think we may be, or we are told we are, but we never own it or believe it, therefore under those circumstances the remarks do not make much impression on us, so I am quite sure I did not feel very well just then.

In this fashion you are told how she tried to help a friend sixteen years in love with a doctor; how she did nothing in particular, which resulted in nothing; how she then visited the doctor, and found talk difficult, and went away;—and there is a most interesting "sketch" for you! And the book ends by leaving off; and what is it all about? "Miss Betty F., and Some Prattle," would have been a fair title.

Ballads of the Boer War. By "Coldstreamer." (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

THESE ballads, "selected from the haversack of Sergeant J. Smith," are racy expressions of Tommy Atkins's feelings in Tommy Atkins's language. They are therefore rather humorous than poignant, and more argufying than declamatory. Only once or twice in the volume does the Adelphi-heroic note make itself heard, as in the following stanza from "The White Flag":—

Well, I was a-feeling mortal bad,
An' 'ere was this hinsubordinate lad
As wouldn't be wise, nor wouldn't obey,
But was throwin' 'is bloomin' life away.
Once more I ordered 'im "Stand up, there,
And wave your 'andkerchief in the h'air!"—
Then 'e stood, an' waved—but they shot 'im dead.
"Thank Gawd," says 'e, "as my 'andkerchief's red!"

In "The Blockhouse" we assist at the opening of a sack of papers sent out from England. The finds made by the Tommies are amusingly catalogued:—

Joe got a *H'Athenæum*,
Which he never even tried,
A couple o' numbers o' *Sporting Tips*,
A *Weekly Times* an' a *Alfpenney Snips*,
And a *Bradshaw's Monthly Guide*.

Between these poles "Coldstreamer" sings his artless, say rather his artificial, lays. It is on the unthinking gallery that he relies when he discusses the officers.

Stoopid? By Gawd, they may be!
An' long let 'em so remain,
If they give us lads o' the bull-dog breed,
Lads as is born, not learned, to lead,
No matter 'ow small their brain!

Boer War verse has been consistently weak and conventional; it has not stirred the blood. The sense of national danger was never really aroused, and without that neither poet nor coster-poet could set the war to valid verse. "Coldstreamer's" verses, in their kind, are as good as any we have seen.

Confessions of a Violinist: Realities and Romance. By Dr. T. Lamb Phipson. (Chatto. 5s.)

THERE is nothing in the least erotic about these confessions of an amateur violinist. Dr. Phipson simply puts together his memories of his own and other people's careers, throwing in any romantic story which he has drawn from real life. Born when railways and Reform were young, and when Paganini and Italian opera were swaying society, he has much to tell us that has the flavour of the elusive day before yesterday. At Brussels he met Alexandre Dumas, and he tells a good story of the great romancer's dealings with a tallow-chandler. After taking his doctor's degree he began his career as an amateur violinist, in which he won triumphs which he records with unaffected pleasure. It was not, he says, upon mechanical execution that he counted for success. "My first thought was always to attempt to charm, and the next to astonish, if possible." One of the pleasantest stories in the book is in the chapter on Auber, whose statue is familiar to visitors to Caen. Auber's first opera, undertaken at the instigation of his father, was called "Julie," and the chief part was taken by a very beautiful girl. In the rehearsals, young Auber noticed that one of the violinists was quite unable to take his eyes off Julie, and that his playing suffered in consequence. In vain Auber protested that everything depended on his attention; the fiddler replied:—

"Very likely!—I do not deny it!—but please look at 'Julie'! Did you ever see such an exquisite figure or a more lovely face? What do you think of it? Have you noticed the delicious contour of her arms and shoulders? the wonderful expression of her eyes? the sublime arching—"

"Permit me, sir," interrupted Auber, in his turn.

"No! pardon me," continued the stout little man, letting his violin fall into his lap—"pardon me, I am more of a painter than a violinist, so that when such a lovely model is placed before me I am quite lost in admiration, and the music must take its chance!"

That is how Auber first made the acquaintance of Ingres (in 1805), who afterwards became one of the most celebrated of French painters; and the intimacy lasted more than half a century. Paul Delaroche was another very celebrated painter with whom Auber was intimate.

Dr. Phipson has an interesting chapter on the Tarantella, and another on the Hurdy-Gurdy: his book has indeed the variety of a commonplace book without its scrappiness, and it will certainly be welcome to all readers of his earlier books, *Voice and Violin* and *Famous Violinists*.

From Bottom to Top might be the generic title of a whole class of books to which Mr. Bernard Alderson's *Andrew Carnegie, From Telegraph Boy to Millionaire*, belongs. And the style? That too is genuine, unmistakable. Take the author's comments on Mr. Carnegie's statement of what he considers to be the duty of the man of wealth, i.e., to become "the mere agent and trustee for his poorer brethren." Mr. Alderson says: "This is a high-toned ideal scheme of excellent merits, and when the world's millionaires embrace it, one and all, we shall look with greater faith to that

One far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

Mr. Carnegie is making splendid use of his wealth, but even he has not been able to save himself from the biographer of the wordy Y.M.C.A. type.

It has come at last—the really practical handbook on the planning and planting of an ordinary rectangular villa garden. In *Villa Gardens* (Grant Richards, 2s. 6d.) Mr. W. S. Rogers sticks to these problems, and works them out in practicable, legitimate ways. Particularly useful are the suggested plans and perspectives of back

gardens, each of which is carefully described. The summer-house, garden accessories, walks, &c., all receive special chapters, and the whole subject is expounded with the idea that the owner of the garden shall till it himself.

Fiction.

Love and the Soul Hunters. By John Oliver Hobbes. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THIS is essentially a study in temperaments—close, analytical, restrained. To the ordinary reader it will seem, perhaps, to lack emotion. Mrs. Craigie does not identify herself here with any of her characters; it would not be easy to say with whom her personal sympathies lie. She has elected to approach a difficult subject in the most difficult way: she presents her story with absolute detachment. The reader, therefore, receives no guidance from the author; he is left to draw his own conclusions. Now when it is remembered that a novelist's usual method is to label his creations, to exploit his own sympathies, to say in effect "I invite your sympathy here, I demand your reprobation there," it will be seen how *Love and the Soul Hunters* stands apart. In a sense, although it is not conceived on what are usually called broad lines, the book is astonishingly wide. It does not touch many phases of life, but within its well-defined borders it casts a net so delicate that little can escape. Subtlety and candour, those are the dominant notes, and over all there is an even play of irony, an irony which is not reserved for the weakness of the strong, but flashes also upon the febrile strength of the weak. That, in this book at least, is where Mrs. Craigie triumphs, and the triumph springs, as we have indicated, from the writer's faculty of intellectual detachment. Few men and fewer women possess that power.

There are three characters on whom Mrs. Craigie has concentrated herself: Prince Paul of Urseville-Beylestien, his secretary Dr. Felshammer, and the girl Clementine Gloucester. Others there are equally well-wrought, but in these three we have the essential contrasts. Prince Paul is amiable, easily led by beauty, something of a butterfly, yet a good deal of a man; Felshammer is strong-headed, not over-scrupulous, yet capable of an absorbing and headlong passion; Clementine is a girl, simple, loyal, whose charm was "partly composed of shyness, partly of gaiety, but chiefly of a deep, unchangeable innocence which the knowledge of evil could neither destroy nor mar." It was that unconscious and prevailing charm which attracted two men so dissimilar as Prince Paul and Felshammer, and the charm remains entirely and unaffectedly unsoiled in an atmosphere compounded of finance, intrigue, and deceit. Both men desired her for her unassailable innocence; in the case of Felshammer the desire expressed itself by way of his instinct for authority, "a right to govern some body and subdue some soul." In the case of Prince Paul it was rather the knowledge that she could give him an anchorage, save him from his own infirmity of purpose. Felshammer, speaking of the Prince to Clementine, says:—

He has charm, he has grace, he has youth, he has all the glamour of a romantic, almost tragic destiny; but he is a libertine. Oh, not the swashbuckler, not the villain of novels, the Lovelace; he is a sentimental soul-hunter, a specialist in souls. He believes that he is in earnest, whereas he is as fickle as women are supposed to be and are not.

When the Prince proposes to her amorganatic marriage she refuses him, and finally he resigns his right of succession in order to win her by the only legitimate means. The reader who has carefully followed the

psychology of the book will hardly rest content with that marriage. He will want to know what happened afterwards. He will see possibilities of development ready to the author's hand.

Olivia's Summer. By Mary E. Mann. (Methuen & Co. 6s.)

It is not at all an easy task to place Mrs. Mann. In some respects comparisons may be drawn between her position as a novelist and the late Mrs. Oliphant's. Both authors have shown a thorough knowledge of what may be called the quiet English middle-class life, and a specially keen eye for the foibles of the country clergy. Mrs. Oliphant habitually over-wrote herself, and her excellent work suffered much in consequence. Mrs. Mann does not seem to have taken her art quite seriously enough, and had she been a little more self-critical her novels would gain in power. The author of *The People of Dulditch* ought long ago to have been encouraged to produce her best. Mrs. Mann seems to have chosen the middle track, neither descending to reach the favours of the circulating library public, nor ascending to touch the summit of her art. *Olivia's Summer* is too sound a piece of work to be forgotten, and yet it does not go quite deep enough in its analysis to be long remembered. The story is simple. Olivia, the energetic, strong-hearted daughter of an incompetent old parson, is worshipped by a village youth, Robert Sturt, ten years her junior, a youth who sets to work to improve himself and to rise in the world for the sake of winning Olivia. Wonderful to say he succeeds, emigrates for eight years, and returns a self-made man. Olivia, now slightly old-maidish, cannot resist the force of his love, or the force of his character, and Robert wins the day.

There is considerable skill shown both in the social atmosphere and in the drawing of the characters in this story which no doubt could be paralleled from life. The old parson and Mrs. Sturt, the village shopkeeper, Robert's mother, are delightful minor characters, and Olivia, the heroine, is a most individual creation. Yet the tale is not quite "all there." We would hazard the criticism that the real subject in the story is not so much Robert's winning of Olivia as Olivia's sensations face to face with her husband. By Olivia's early death, Mrs. Mann, as it were, evades touching bottom. The story is admirable so far as it goes, but does it go quite far enough? It is, however, full of shrewd insight and quiet humour, and it has not a superfluous line.

The Winding Road. By Elizabeth Godfrey. (John Lane. 6s.)

THE title gives the initial intention of the book. It is a study of the vagrant temperament, a case of the reaction that occurs here and there against the whole cramping business of civilisation and its unadventurous arrangements. The book gives the impression of having been originally inspired by that excellent little anthology of out-of-door poetry, *The Open Road*. Certainly the admirably chosen selections from poems of the road and open air, which preface the various divisions of the story, strongly suggest discipleship.

As a tale it is interesting. The atmosphere created is simple and homely: the breath of the country permeates it. Phenice, the heroine, is a charming character, excellently drawn. Whenever the writer is dealing with Phenice, the touch is sure, delicate, convincing. Even her husband, the gentleman tramp with the gipsy blood inherited from his mother, is sketched with skill and insight. But he remains a sketch; the writer, we feel, could not have attempted a more comprehensive portraiture, and from the point of view of tramp life the book falls instantly to pieces. The genuine tramp and consort of tramps has spoken too often from the quick of real

experience for gentle idylls on the subject to be any longer plausible. The subject has practically passed out of the capacities of the ordinary novelist, to fall into the hands of specialists.

Nicety of diction, for instance, is not among the prominent characteristics of the average gipsy. They do not ask questions in the manner of Pamela: "Are you friends with the snow and the thunder,—or are you afraid?" As a people they have probably, like the rest of us, changed with the times, but the truth remains that they have no longer this poetic outlook upon the elements, or, if they have, they no longer express it with the same felicity of diction.

The Winding Road is well written and comes as a freshening change from the sultry plots and intrigues of the drawing room. But its fascination lies more in its graceful evasion of realities than in any successful encounter with them; in its gentle avoidance of all indiscreet utterances than in any minute and vivid veracity of exposure.

The Serf. By C. Ranger-Gull. (Greening.)

MR. RANGER-GULL dedicates his romance "to the members of the National Liberal Club," and apparently regards his hero, the Serf Hyla, who slew Geoffroi de la Bourne for his oppression in the middle of the twelfth century, and dangled for it from the Outfangthef Tower of Hilgay Castle, as a prototype of the modern democratic champions of the working classes. This moral he would probably have made more effectively, if he had preserved the proper artistic attitude of detachment, and had refrained from coming forward to the footlights and shouting it out at intervals. However, he tells his story vigorously and sympathetically, and that he is not without a gift of descriptive writing, the following, which are almost his opening sentences, may show:—

A man sat in a roughly-constructed punt or raft, low down among the rushes, one hot evening in June. The sun was setting in banks of blood-red light, which turned all the innumerable water-ways and pools of the fen from black to crimson. In the fierce light the tall reeds and grasses rose high into the air, like spears stained with blood.

Mr. Ranger-Gull's attempt to obtain local colour by the use of a few stray words of Early English is surely a mistake. To write "cwaeth he" for "quoeth he," and to call a butterfly a "buterfleoge," can only amaze the ignorant and wake the laughter of the erudite. More especially is this so when such singularities of speech alternate with quite ordinary English prose and even with words of Romance origin, which no twelfth century serf could possibly have used. The archaeology of the book, too, shows signs of having been painfully got up for the occasion. It certainly does not flow from abundance of knowledge, like that of the scholarly writer whom Mr. Ranger-Gull has apparently made his model. Incidentally, Mr. Ranger-Gull is betrayed, by a pure slip, into one of the most amazing bits of word-coinage that we have ever come across. It is too good not to be put on record here. Part of the action takes place near Icomb Priory, and our attention is more than once called to the tolling of the Priory bell in the "centralone." But what does Mr. Ranger-Gull suppose a "centralone" to be? Something of the nature of a "campanile"? Of course there is no such word. The mystery is solved by a passage where it is stated that the Priory was a Cistercian one, and that "by the rules of that order only one tower, a centralone, was permitted." This is taken, no doubt, from some handbook of ecclesiastical archaeology. But "centralone" is a misprint for "central one."

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

FELIX.

BY ROBERT HITCHENS.

A study, four hundred and thirty-two pages in length, of three years in the life of Felix, an impressionable youth. The opening and closing scenes are laid in France, but the main action of the story takes place in Kent and London. Among other experiences Felix comes in contact with a group of morphinomaniacs, and there is one scene in a home in Paris that Mr. Hitchens, being Mr. Hitchens, must have enjoyed writing. In a prefatory note the author makes his acknowledgments to a French doctor "for the account given of the proceedings in a certain house in Paris." (Methuen. 6s.)

THE SUCCESS OF MARK WYNGATE.

BY U. L. SILBERRAD.

The author of *The Enchanter* has won the right to serious consideration. His new book opens well. "Mark Wyngate first saw Judith one evening when he was at the welding forge." That was at Chele on the Essex flats: there the action passes: there the tragic drama of love and death between the two was worked out: there we learn at what cost Mark Wyngate won his success. (Constable. 6s.)

LOVE OF SISTERS.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

There is a fragrance about Miss Tynan's Irish stories that is quite unaffected by the passage of time, and regular production. Irish life, in its lightest and most lovable moods inspires her pen, and if jealousy and rivalry came into the love of these two sisters, it was only for a time. All comes right in the end. One of the characters is Tim Healy—a pony. (Smith Elder. 6s.)

THE SON OF THE WOLF.

BY JACK LONDON.

Nine short stories, vigorous and virile, of the Far North, by the author of *The God of His Fathers*, a volume which was received with favour a few months ago. The present volume is dedicated to "the sons of the wolf, who sought their heritage, and left their bones, among the shadows of the circle." (Isbister.)

THE STORY OF LEAH.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

A somewhat sentimental story, being part of the life history of a studious carpenter, including his relations with two amiable young women. He burns the midnight oil, takes his degree, and is sent out to South Africa as a missionary. It was before the war, and one of the scenes is laid in Oom Kruger's farm on the Johannesburg road. When the missionary arrived there crying "Show me to my poor, dying wife," Oom Kruger and his wife "stared at him in a kind of slow, heavy astonishment." (Chatto. 6s.)

BY DULVERCOMBE WATER.

BY HAROLD VALLINGS.

A love story of the year 1685, into which is woven many incidents of the Monmouth rebellion. The hero, of illegitimate birth but gentle breeding, does his best to check the rising. We are given pictures of Jeffreys in court, and Jeffreys in his private room sitting and taking bribes. The hero's adventures do not end even when he escapes from England by the aid of his sweetheart, but at last the Revolution of 1689 brings him back to happier times. The story has a freshness unusual in modern historical novels. (Macmillan. 6s.)

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

A novel of the 'Forty-five, which follows the adventures of one Maurice Anstruther, a light-hearted gentleman of fortune, a ready soldier, and an intimate of Prince Charlie's.

The author has had access to many of the lesser-known narratives of the rising, written by men who were in the turmoil of it from start to finish. Here and there he has taken small liberties with the strict order of facts, but substantially the novel is true to history. Mr. F. H. Townsend supplies some spirited illustrations. (Cassell. 6s.)

FROM A THATCHED COTTAGE.

BY ELEANOR G. HAYDEN.

A former story by this author called *Travels Round Our Village* showed that she had true sympathy with the rural mind, and the power to make the annals of village life attractive. This story of life in a Down village, complicated by a murder, is equally reticent and charming. Miss Hayden has humour, too, and she can make her characters show it, as in this soliloquy of Fuzzell's, which is the last paragraph in the book: "She be the fust faymale as I've a-kissed sence my mother died nigh on farty 'ear ago. Lark, I'udn't ha' waited sa long if I'd knawed 'twur sa powerful soothin'!" (Constable. 6s.)

TANGLED UP IN BEULAH LAND.

BY J. P. MOWBRAY.

Very American, quite amusing, this story reminds one a little of the author of the *Dolly Dialogues*, and a little of the late Mr. Stockton. But Mr. Mowbray has a personality of his own, and his books are certainly well worth issuing on this side. His spirits are high, and his American women are always attractive. (Constable. 6s.)

A PLEASANT ROGUE.

BY LESLIE KEITH.

A first glance at this story shows a pleasant literary style, which, however, seems to flow too unchangingly into the talk of the characters. Says Jack Bannister to his two months' bride, "What a lover of fresh air you are, you wild woman of the woods!" "Yes, I love it!" "she drew a full, deep breath, light, and air, and wind—and spreading fields, and great continents of sky." Any story beginning just after marriage has the merit of exciting curiosity at once. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

THE CHILDREN OF SILENCE.

BY JOHN CLEVELAND.

This story will appeal to members of the Society of Friends, for it opens in the old Quaker meeting-house in Ratcliff, E., and it is Quaker to the end. The author seems to understand his world, and he makes it clearer to others by an occasional foot-note. (Isbister. 6s.)

THE FUTURE OF PHYLLIS.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

"She was certainly a most beautiful baby." Everyone who met it in a perambulator on Barnes Common could see that. The interest of the story is quiet and domestic, and middle-class. "Do you sketch much? Oh, do show me some of your sketches, Mr. Romaine!" is characteristic. Mr. Romaine of course obliged. He had "caught the impressionist knack, and could give a figure or a landscape in three lines of charcoal and a dab of paint very effectively." (John Long. 6s.)

We have also received: *When Spurs were Gold*, "a suppressed page of English history relating to Henry V.," by Russell Garnier (Allen); *The Leopard's Spots*, "a romance of the White Man's Burden, 1865-1900," by T. Dixon, Junr. (Richards); *Natives of Milton*, eighteen short sketches by R. Murray Gilchrist (Richards); *The Priest and the Princess* "a romance of to-day," by R. L. Dixon (Hutchinson); *Near Relations*, by Adeline Sergeant (Hodder and Stoughton); *For a Young Queen's Bright Eyes*, by R. H. Savage (F. V. White & Co.); *The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton*, by N. Stephenson (Lane); *The Beaufoy Romances*, by H. Drummond (Ward Lock); *The Maid at Arms*, by R. W. Chambers (Constable)

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Zola.

A GENEROUS soul has left us: an ardent and a disinterested fighter: a valiant workman if not precisely an artist: a writer whose ideal was high if his interpretation was not luminous: a novelist who, exercising the art which is essentially that of pleasing, never deviated from his self-elected mission of reforming humanity by means of a revolting presentment of it in its actual state: whose judgment of the prosperous classes was bleared through his immense pity for the unfortunate: whose very qualities, which were noble and great, caused the unhinged and almost hysteric blackness of his vision of life. In Zola we have lost a gigantic figure in modern letters, a figure which recalls Balzac in its association with unintermittent literary toil and the production of work which, whatever its value as literature may be, and this is of its very nature contestable, arrested the attention of Europe. Never had a writer so many and such pitiless enemies, but even these cannot deny that Zola had become a figure of European importance. However detestable you might find his books, they were like nobody else's books, and at their worst they exhaled a wonderful, almost magnetic air of sincerity. You might hate the man, but you could not possibly despise the man who had the courage to write as he wrote, the courage to hold up such a mirror to nature as he did. In denying his genius, nobody could deny him a certain brutal, masterful talent, and an incomparable industry which in default of genius explains his supremacy in the modern world of letters. For, belittle Zola as we may, we cannot ignore the obvious fact that he shares with Tolstoi and Ibsen the conspicuous place of honour in the European Temple of literary renown. How is this to be explained if not by some extraordinary power which lies outside the region of art? His work may not last, but in a smaller way he has commanded something of the universal attention bestowed on Victor Hugo. But Hugo's memory carries with it a sense of deception. Like Zola he wrought upon an enormous scale and filled the world with the noise of his personality. Like Zola he had a tempestuous, self-assertive Latin temperament, but he neither had the sincerity nor disinterestedness of Zola.

How many there are who never having read a line of Zola venerate him for his splendid courage in standing up against almost his entire country in defence of a man he knew nothing about, but whom he believed to be the victim of race-hatred! Across that sad and blotted page of the history of our times Zola's name is traced in magnificent characters. But here again comes the question of his balance and judgment. The sequel confronts us with the query: was it from a purely patriotic point of view the best thing he could have done? France has not yet recovered from the wound upon her honour, her temper is irascible still because of it, she is a hopelessly divided family, either half most cruelly unjust towards the other, and what has been the gain in the dreadful crisis into which he plunged her? The man he suffered for is not

rehabilitated. After having shown himself lamentably below his historic rôle at Rennes, he renounced all hope of ever winning his cause by accepting pardon, and Picquart, the one heroic figure in the inexplicable embroglio, is ruthlessly ruined for ever. This doubt does not diminish the greatness of Zola's action: it only convinces us that the mediæval blare of trumpets is out of place in our complex modern existence. Don Quixote belonged to his time, but nowadays it is a much more serious and less picturesque matter to go tilting against windmills, or single-handed against national feeling. The celebrated "J'accuse" letter was very like the attitude of the knight of old who charges into the royal presence with words of indignation on his lips, and flings down his glove in valorous challenge. At the time it gave the world a supreme sensation which will not soon be forgotten, and after which other French crises seem as tame as a remembered dream. And may it not be so with these colossal books which on their successive appearance held all the world, old or new, on the tiptoe of expectation, ready with equal violence to belaud or to execrate? They had their sensational entrance upon the scene of letters, but it is doubtful if they will live except as ponderous curiosities. For they lack the vitality, the vivifying sparkle of genius. They raised too much dust, too much noise about them for genuine works of art; and yet they express so emphatically the dignity of labour, the value of concentrated effort; in their newer phases they are so resolutely fixed in virile hope and confidence upon wide horizons, towards a perfected world on which lies a larger sunshine. They contain such a generous dream of the future that it should seem their author's fame can never die. Like Hugo, Zola was a poet. There are pages in the *Faute de l'abbé Mouret* which are prose running riot in the embraces of poetry. His whole conception of good and evil reveals the excesses and exaggerations of the romantic and poetic temperament. Like a mediæval architect he endows evil with a grotesque and persistent force, for there is too much natural coarseness in him to permit of subtle shading, of artistic degrees, of wavering light and shadows. The material beauty of humanity is the only kind of beauty visible to him. The immaterial beauty of the soul not only escapes him altogether, but is not even a factor in the perfecting of the human race he suspects of existing. But within his limitations, he understands and seizes supremely this material beauty. Nobody ever revealed a cleaner, healthier, more glowing love of happy love than he. There are enchanting pages and pictures of domestic happiness in *Fécondité*. His love of children and animals is warm and exquisite. His reverence for maternity and marriages, taken in their purely natural form, as the making of healthy, happy animals, is full of an engaging tenderness. He saw life and its effects in all things wrongly, exaggerating its turpitudes, painting its evil side so grossly as to give us a caricature of vice, men and women destitute of every quality or instinct that is not inconceivably base and putrid, and describing its virtuous aspects with the lyricism that might more justly have applied to some imagined world where creatures of a different moral and physical build from ours dwell in a superterrestrial harmony.

When one asks oneself what was the great lack in Zola's work, one instantly answers—humour. Even Balzac himself, as well as Hugo, lacked humour. But in Zola the lack is more obvious than in either of these two, and as he also, unlike them, lacks genius, the result is generally more tiresome. He is long winded, his excesses in detail and description, his rude, robust exuberance, his extravagances of vision, his colossal dreams for the regeneration of humanity and the reconstruction of the world—where artisans' wives are to dine in the open air, in a perpetual summer, with swarms of laughing babies round them, meals prepared and babies clothed by magic, and all the matrons glistening with

precious stones made common, and lovely silks made cheap—weary by their unreality and their recklessness. We recognise the nobility of the dream, while thanking our stars that it is not fulfilled; we render full homage to the dreamer's sincerity and generosity; we admire the consistent effort of his long career in letters; we feel to the full the overflowing measure of pity, of kindness, the intense instinct for justice he offers in his later books, and in spite of our intellectual depreciation of them, we are sick in heart at the thought of the stupid tragedy which cut short this fine and continued revelation of a temperament. His *Quatre Evangiles*, a labour of love, is unfinished, and one listens instinctively for the jubilations of his ungenerous enemies. Already they are spreading the tale of suicide. In another moment we shall learn that remorse for his attitude in the Dreyfus affair drove him to the deed. There will be no lack of mud flung upon his coffin. Poor Zola! one wishes fate had allowed him to live down the obloquy and hostility his unjust countrymen heaped upon him, winning the respect and triumph the probity of his life and character merited, reaping the reward of his powerful capacity for labour, and the honours due to his courage and loyalty.

Mr. Owen Seaman's New Book.

For how much unhappiness is the statement "Beauty is truth, truth beauty" responsible? How much disappointment has drifted down into heedlessness; how much discontent has provoked self-reliance into self-distrust under the impossibility of accepting the exclamations of lyrical enthusiasm as a working principle in life? The intelligent, striving after unclouded clearness of thought, are taught, before they can realise the limitations of sight, that to see things as they are is to find them essentially and completely beautiful. Against this goes the natural discipline—the eternal daily education of mere experience—of feeling them as they are. No one has yet pretended that whatever is really felt must be actually pleasant. Feeling is often a very painful privilege; truth is not always beautiful, and it is probably the shock of this discovery which makes many minds, by native delicacy romantic, by circumstances critical. The just critic is not the man who has failed in creative art, but, as a rule, the man who would describe things as they are and as they feel if he had not the Beauty clause teasing him into the suspicion that perhaps he sees and feels as the majority do not. A poet, fretting under this grievance, surprised by realities, not knowing which way to look for comfort, feeling the world too much with him, the dream too far away, will perhaps strive to establish judgment, at least, in the gate, or will decide, as an alternative, to see the grotesque only in the objects of his scrutiny and the contradictions of his own knowledge. Now, without wishing to saddle a brilliant achievement with solemnity, we may say that in Mr. Owen Seaman's new collection of parodies—*Borrowed Plumes*—we are given, under various disguises, a strong substratum of his own original ideas, observation and philosophy. Mr. Seaman is neither cynical nor disillusioned: there is not a bitter line in this particular book, nor in any of his books: his good nature is never disturbed nor disturbing: there is no note of the *faux bon homme* in his gaiety, but (here comes the particular application of the Truth is Beauty fallacy) he shows his acquaintance with things as they are by not making merry at the inappropriate moment. Much present laughter, free from malice in itself, is so foolish where it is not offensive that we may be excused when we fear lest humour, as the great authors understood it, is one of the departing solaces of the human intellect. Thackeray, Bret Harte, Calverley, and Sir Francis Burnand have given us some irresistible burlesques:—*Strapmore*, for instance, as a sustained effort in ripe, unflinching, spontaneous fun, is

probably the best example of its kind in English. Mr. Seaman, however, aims rather at an imitation than parody pure and simple: his attack is not directed toward the text but toward the point of view: he writes, that is to say, dramatically, now in the character of Mr. Hall Caine, now as Mr. Henry Harland, now as Elizabeth of the Garden, now as Sir John Lubbock. He is, in words, a character actor. There hangs in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy a picture by Millais which he has called *A Souvenir of Velasquez*. It is the portrait of a modern child done in a brilliant imitation of Velasquez's technique: Millais has reproduced the Spanish master's skill, his mannerisms, his way, in fact, of seeing. This is Mr. Seaman's method of parody; and this is why his genius in that direction is peculiarly individual, singularly difficult to describe and classify. The pieces called respectively "Mrs. Humphry Ward" and "Mr. Henry James" are so near their originals that, but for the unexpected lines of sheer absurdity, they would seem quite genuine. When Hellsmere Bannistry goes shooting, his meditation takes the following course:—

Pheasants had been killed: though not, he hoped, in August. As for rabbits, they were a perpetual prey. What, indeed, was his objective at that moment? was it not the destruction of certain forms of life? primarily the grouse, incidentally the hare, and, conceivably, the snipe? . . . And now the moor stretched before him, sweeping up the long low braes of Athol, chequered with purple patches, here flaunting the conscious symmetry of a draught-board, there counterfeiting the dappled shadows of the milch-kine of Apollo. The guns spread out into line. . . . Not even then could Hellsmere escape from his attitude of mental absorption.

Again, in a totally different vein, read the dialogue "Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler":—

"Nothing in a woman, my dear Ethelfrida, betrays such lack of social *savoir faire* as the habit of telling fibs," said Lady Wolverhampton. "No sensible man ever believes that a woman means what she says: and that makes it so much easier to tell the truth. That's how I married Wolverhampton. I told him I had never cared for any man, and he at once became jealous—as I meant he should."

Or the "George Meredith":—

Bachelor by habit and a graceful seat by force of application, he had the manner of riding straight after hounds or women; but tempered by an instinct for country and a taste for the durable. He would choose the open gate at the fallow's corner in contempt of incredulous eye-lifts thrown over shrug of shoulders leaning back from the rise, rather than risk his stable's best blood over a low hedge, flushing young Spring, with heavy drop at fourteen stone on macadam flints, shrieking menace of a wrung fetlock for the ten miles home. In the other kind of chase he had cried off, on suspicion that the lady's mother had died fat.

Imitation so skilful as this can be compared only with Pope's imitations of Horace.

The scene from "John Oliver Hobbes" between Bien-Entendue Fitz-Blouse, and Lady Tar-ar-a is an especially good example of somewhat sardonic humour translated into the kindly ridiculous:—

"I think Mr. Browning is so true about soul and sense," said Bien-Entendue. "Women, especially, seem to be half spiritual and half sensible."

"Half sensible?" said Lady Tar-ar-a, &c., bitterly, "I find them altogether stupid."

"I knew you must be badly in love, dear," said Bien-Entendue, with quick intuition. "Who is it? Mine's Robert Porridge."

She spoke with a simple candour that invited confidence. Lady Tar-ar-a's steel belt, studded with black pearls, snapped abruptly and flew across the boudoir; but she gave no other sign of the internal shock that she had sustained.

"And mine," she replied, as she collected the fragments with perfect aplomb, "mine is—Lord Flotsam." She was a gifted woman. The lie had a superb air of probability.

"I should think Lord Flotsam must be a very beautiful character," said Bien-Entendue, innocently.

The "Mr. Dooley," the "Mr. Maurice Hewlett," and the "Mr. W. E. Henley" contain some of the best pages in a delightful volume, and the authors to whom it is dedicated must be accepting it with grateful appreciation. For, under all the joy, there is a good deal of highly distinguished criticism.

Mozart in the Mirabell-Garten.

THEY are giving a cycle of Mozart operas at Munich, at the Hof-Theater, to follow the Wagner operas at the Prinz-Regenten-Theater; and I stayed, on my way to Salzburg, to hear "Die Zauberflöte." It was perfectly given, with a small, choice orchestra under Herr Zumppe, and with every part except the tenor's admirably sung and acted. Herr Julius Zarest, from Hanover, was particularly good as Papageno; the Eva of "Die Meistersinger" made an equally good Pamina. And it was staged, under Herr von Possart's direction, as suitably and as successfully, in its different way, as the Wagner opera had been. The sombre Egyptian scenes of this odd story, with its menagerie and its pantomime transformation, were turned into a thrilling spectacle, and by means of nothing but a little canvas and paint and limelight. It could have cost very little, compared with an English Shakespeare revival, let us say; but how infinitely more spectacular, in the good sense, it was! Every effect was significant, perfectly in its place, doing just what it had to do, and without thrusting itself forward for separate admiration. German art of to-day is all decorative, and it is at its best when it is applied to the scenery of the stage. Its fault, in serious painting, is that it is too theatrical, it is too anxious to be full of too many qualities besides the qualities of good painting. It is too emphatic, it is meant for artificial light. If Franz Stuck would paint for the stage, instead of using his vigorous brush to paint nature without distinction and nightmares without imagination or easel-canvas, he would do, perhaps rather better, just what these scene-painters do, with so much skill and taste. They have the sense of effective decoration; and German art, at present, is almost wholly limited to that sense.

I listened, with the full consent of my eyes, to the lovely music, which played round the story like light transfiguring a masquerade; and now, by a lucky chance, I can brood over it here in Salzburg, where Mozart was born, where he lived, where the house in which he wrote the opera is to be seen, a little garden-house brought over from Vienna and set down where it should always have been, high up among the pine-woods of the Capuzinerberg. I find myself wondering how much Mozart took to himself, how much went to his making, in this exquisite place, set in a hollow of great hills, from which, if you look down upon it, it has the air of a little toy town out of a Noah's Ark, set square in a clean, trim, perfectly flat map of meadows, with its flat roofs, packed close together on each side of a long, winding river, which trails across the whole breadth of the plain. From the midst of the town you look up everywhere at heights; rocks covered with pine-trees, beyond them hills hooded with white clouds, great soft walls of darkness, on which the mist is like the bloom of a plum; and, right above you, the castle, on its steep rock swathed in trees, with its grey walls and turrets, like the castle which one has imagined for all the knights of all the romances. All this, no doubt, entered into the soul of Mozart, and had its meaning for him; but where I seem actually to see him, where I can fancy him walking most often, and hearing more sounds than elsewhere come

to him through his eyes and his senses, is the Mirabell-Garten, which lies behind the palace built by an Archbishop of Salzburg in the seventeenth century, and which is laid out in the conventional French fashion, with a harmony which I find in few other gardens. I have never walked in a garden which seemed to keep itself so reticently within its own severe and gracious limits. The trees themselves seem to grow naturally into the pattern of this garden with its formal alleys, in which the birds fly in and out of the trellised roofs, its square-cut bushes, its low stone balustrades, its tall urns out of which droop trails of pink and green, its round flower-beds, each of a single colour, set at regular intervals on the grass, its tiny fountain dripping faintly into a green and brown pool; the long, sad lines of the Archbishop's Palace, off which the brown paint is peeling; the whole sad charm, dainty melancholy, formal beauty, and autumnal air of it. It was in the Mirabell-Garten that I seemed nearest to Mozart.

The music of Mozart, as one hears it in "Die Zauberflöte," is music without desire, music content with beauty, and to be itself. It has the firm outlines of Dürer or of Botticelli, with the same constraint within a fixed form, if one compares it with the Titian-like freedom and splendour of Wagner. In hearing Mozart I saw Botticelli's "Entombment," which I had been seeing in the Munich Gallery; in hearing Wagner I had seen the Titian "Scourging of Christ." Mozart has what Coventry Patmore called "a glittering peace": to Patmore that quality distinguished supreme art, and, indeed, the art of Mozart is, in its kind, supreme. It has an adorable purity of form, and it has no need to look outside those limits which it has found or fixed for itself. Mozart cares little, as a rule, for what he has to express; but he cares infinitely for the way in which he expresses everything, and, through the mere emotional power of the notes themselves, he conveys to us all that he cares to convey: awe, for instance, in those solemn scenes of the priests of Isis. He is a magician, who plays with his magic, and can be gay, out of mere pleasant idleness, fooling with Papagenus as Shakespeare fools in "Twelfth Night." "Die Zauberflöte" is really a very fine kind of pantomime, to which the music lends itself in the spirit of the thing, yet without condescending to be grotesque. The duet of Papagenus and Papagena is absolutely comic, but it is as lovely as a duet of two birds, of less flaming feather. As the lovers ascend through fires and floods, only the piping of the magic flute is heard in the orchestra: imagine Wagner threading it in to the web of a great orchestral pattern! For Mozart it was enough, and, for his art, it was enough. He gives you harmony which does not need to mean anything outside itself, in order to be supremely beautiful; and he gives you beauty with a certain exquisite formality, not caring to go beyond the lines which contain that reticent, sufficient charm of the Mirabell-Garten.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

Bret Harte as Letter Writer.

NOTHING within the wide circle of the written word is more difficult to judge and adequately to appraise than correspondence. The mere passing of a letter from under the eyes for which it was intended, to receive the scrutiny of another glance, the impact of another brain, seems at once to rob it of something of its intimacy, something of its inner soul. Hardly a volume of letters was ever published which did not leave upon many readers a sense of confidence violated, of secrecy surprised. We do not mean that therefore intimate correspondence should not be published—that would be to rob the world of the expression of more wisdom, sorrow, joyousness, than it can

afford to lose. Letters, indeed, are always subject to unexpected publicity, and it is, perhaps, no more unnatural that they should be read by ten thousand than by a dozen unfamiliar eyes. Genius has occasionally expressed itself more perfectly in correspondence than in other forms: take, for instance, the letters of Edward Fitzgerald; perhaps we might add those of Marie Bashkirtseff. Sometimes, on the other hand, they do not add much to our sum of knowledge, and this usually in the case of writers who were simple and unspeculative, and who found in their work an ample channel for most of what they had to say. Of these latter, if we may judge from some samples given us in the current *Harper's Magazine*, Bret Harte was one. The letters were addressed to Mrs. A. S. Boyd, or members of her household; they are pleasant, amiable, fairly observant, but rather lacking in distinction. They are hardly, in a word, the kind of letters which we should have expected the author of "Tennessee's Partner" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" to write. We can only state the impression: we do not suggest that we had any right to expect more.

America, Mrs. Boyd tells us, was always "my country" to Bret Harte, and an absence extending over nearly a quarter of a century "failed to dim his vivid recollection of the beauties of the Sierras that form so regal a background to most of his stories." Writing from Switzerland in 1895 he said: "This part of Switzerland is entirely new to me. I can only tell you that the two photographs I send you are absolutely true in detail and effect, and that the characteristic and even the defect of the scenery here is that it looks as if it were artistically composed: all the drop-curtains, all the stage scenes, all the ballet backgrounds you have ever seen in the theatre exist here in reality. The painter has nothing to compose—the photographer still less: that chalet, that terrace, that snow peak, is exactly where it ought to be. The view from my balcony at this moment is a picture hanging on my wall—not a view at all. You begin to have a horrible suspicion that Daudet's joke about all 'Switzerland being a gigantic hotel company' is true. You hesitate about sitting down on this stone terrace lest it shouldn't be 'practical'; and you don't dare to knock at the door of this bright venetian-awned shop lest it should be only painted canvas. There is a whole street in Montreux that I have seen a dozen times in Grand Opera."

A little further on in the same letter he writes: "I find my heart going back to the old Sierras whenever I get over three thousand feet of Swiss altitude, and—dare I whisper it?—in spite of this pictorial composition I wouldn't give a mile of the dear old Sierras, with their honesty, sincerity, and magnificent uncouthness, for 100,000 kilometres of the picturesque Vaud!"

This, in its way, is fairly effective, but the earlier passage is rather commonplace; it has none of the sympathy, the intimacy, of the descriptive passages in Bret Harte's stories; we might almost call it a little provincial. But it must, of course, be remembered that the letter was written when Bret Harte had already given us his best work, and when even the memory of the Sierras could not awaken in him the old picturesque fervour. It is a pity that Mrs. Boyd has not given some earlier letters. One dated 1888 is the earliest, and we are told that the correspondence began in 1883, and extended to "hundreds of letters." That dated 1888 refers to Stoke Pogis and Gray's "Elegy," a subject so hackneyed, that we refrain from quoting: it seems to have passed beyond the bounds of further possible illumination.

Of Bret Harte's sympathy with and appreciation of other men's work Mrs. Boyd justly speaks in the highest terms. *Catrina* roused his instant enthusiasm; one can see just how it would appeal to his romantic and literary sense. When Bret Harte's biography comes to be written—his memory can hardly escape that doubtful memorial—we shall be better able to judge of his letters; those given in

the article from which we have quoted can hardly, we think, be quite representative. One passage in Mrs. Boyd's article calls for protest; she writes: "Looking through hundreds of letters written to our small household alone under dates varying from 1883 to 1902, we marvel that he, whose every written word commanded a high market value, should have wielded so prodigal a pen in purely private correspondence."

We see nothing at all to marvel at in this; it represents a point of view against which we must always protest, and certainly it is no compliment to Bret Harte to put it into print. There is far too much talk now-a-days of literary "market value," and it is humiliating to think that the idea can be even distantly associated with written expressions of friendship.

Drama.

The — Beef Suet Co.

"OXEN supplied by the — Beef Suet Co."—such is the agreeable intimation which meets the eye on taking up the playbill for "The Best of Friends" at Drury Lane. I omit the actual name of the firm employed, lest they should be unjustly suspected of paying for the advertisement. But I need hardly say that the compiler of the play-bill had no such scruples. He further went on to specify the milliner, and the florist, and the upholsterer, and the tobacconist who provided the cigars and the cigarettes smoked upon the stage in Act II., scene 4. All this is significant, for it is precisely upon these tradesmen and their wares, with the skilled assistance of the machinist and the chief engineer, who are also commemorated, that the success of a melodrama, as melodrama is understood at Drury Lane to-day, depends. The play and the players are a very minor consideration indeed. The histrionic function of the Beef Suet Co.'s oxen is to walk across the stage, together with a troop of cavalry, a Cape cart, several Kaffirs, and some children carrying large water-melons, in a scene representing a street in Johannesburg during the progress of the war. Another scene is laid before the gates of an Oxford college. Men and scouts and dons come and go, and a circus procession, with a Lady Godiva, very scandalizing to the dean, winds its way through an interested crowd. A third represents a garden-party amongst the flower-beds of a ducal mansion; a fourth a banquet of a yeomanry company in the ducal hall; a fifth the surrender of a Boer commando in some desolate outpost amongst the hills; a sixth the interior of the circus itself. Each is filled with a well-drilled crowd and mounted with an extraordinary attention to detail. Indeed, so thorough is the realism that it is quite an entertainment to watch for the points in which it falls short, to observe the inadequate supply of glasses at the banquet, the numbers painted on the stones dislodged by a shell from the ruined farmhouse where the Boers are concealed, and the encouragement bestowed upon a diminutive cox by the taller members of his college as he returns in boating coat and sweater from the river. One cannot help being impressed by the immense amount of energy and business capacity which such a production as this involves. It is not art, but it is a monument of British commercial enterprise. Mr. Arthur Collins, with his ropes and his pulleys, and his host of *fournisseurs* and scene-shifters, must have on his shoulders all the responsibilities of a general manager of one of our great railways. And if his players act like ticket-collectors and his play has the literary quality of a time-table, it is, I am sure, because he has learnt from experience that these are the things about which the public for which he caters cares least.

Yet I cannot help being a little sorry for the poor ghost of disinherited melodrama. For after all melodrama, although it had its limitations, performed some at least of the functions of literature. It took you out of yourself. As a reading of life it was open to criticism, but as a dream world it was as good as another, as good as Mr. Morris' "Earthly Paradise," or Mr. Yeats' "Land of Heart's Desire," or that immoral comedy of the Restoration wherein Charles Lamb, wearied of problems, found a "happy breathing-place from the burden of a perpetual moral questioning, the sanctuary and quiet Alsatia of hunted casuistry." I do not think that I ever myself possessed the key to this particular garden of enchantment, but I am sure that there have been many who did, and who lost themselves there, as they watched the villains whose villainy declared itself in the very cut of their moustaches, and the heroes whose most innocent acts were always so fatally open to misinterpretation, and wept when the devoted women received the shots that should have been their lovers', and took part in the triumph when the clouds of doubt rolled away and the faithful hearts that had been separated beat together once more. Of course there were villains in "The Best of Friends," who were duly hissed according to tradition as they passed before the curtain at the end of each act. There was a Boer agent disguised as a riding-master in the circus, and there was a high-born lady with a dubious past and a wry mouth that curled into a sneer when she found herself alone on the stage. But I do not think that these gentry expected us to take their machinations very seriously. No ingenuity of construction had been wasted on the plot, which was too obviously a mere excuse for hurrying us on from tableau to breathless tableau. I am afraid that the chronicler must record another triumph for mechanism, and that melodrama, like many finer forms of the mimetic art, has succumbed to the attractions of the spectacle.

The subject-matter of the play being, as it is, nought, I think that Mr. Cecil Raleigh might just as well have left the war out of it. I do not complain that he has dealt with it in any offensive spirit. The sound of the Jingo is not very loud in the land just at present. On the contrary, Mr. Raleigh strictly avoids taking sides. Even the pro-Boer tendencies of Lord Amesbury are tenderly treated, and the old Boer commandant, Michael de Lahne, is the most sympathetic, as well as one of the best played characters in the piece. Certainly he contrasts well, for intelligence and dignity of bearing, with the rather fatuous duke who chiefly voices the sentiments of English patriotism. But the War is still so new and so real, and, whatever way you look at the causes of it, such a stupendous sorrow to so many households, that it does seem to me a little indecent to utilize it for the purposes of an entertainment which, at the best, makes no claim to touch upon the finer issues of life, or to afford anything but three hours of sensational, if more or less harmless, amusement. It is a manifestation of the same spirit which, in all good faith, invited the defeated Boer generals to become spectators of the display of British naval supremacy at the Spithead review. Truly, we are an unimaginative people.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

The "Artist" Photographer.

I AM not a photographer. Perhaps it is as well. At any rate I am enabled to approach the subject with an open mind, which has been stimulated, if not convinced, by an animated conversation with Mr. George Bernard Shaw, the champion of the "artist" photographer in the paper war of camera versus brush. That war may be said to have

begun on the day when the French painter Delaroche first saw one of Daguerre's new light pictures. He looked, shivered (he must have shivered), and exclaimed "Painting is dead!"

Well, painting is not dead. Like photography, it is lustily alive, and if Delaroche could not live to see his fear justified, neither could he have foreseen the breezy upland which photography, ploughing in its own furrow, has reached. A week ago I was honourably ignorant of the ructions and fruitions in the photographic world, but three experiences united to correct that nescience. First, the perusal of Mr. Charles H. Caffin's *Photography as a Fine Art*; second, an afternoon at the exhibition of the Photographic Salon in the Dudley Gallery; third, a morning at the exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society in the New Gallery. I do not propose to review Mr. Caffin's book, which is an appreciation, with a strong American bias, of the achievements and possibilities of photography, or to quote Mr. Caffin's words, "of photographic art," with nearly a hundred illustrations. Two of the chapters are monographs on the work of two Eminent Photographers, as the writer on a book on etching might include chapters on Durer and Whistler. I read the book with childlike wonder, my excitement rising as I learnt just how "the first of American exponents of pictorial photography," Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, "got" his famous "Portrait of Mr. R.," which appears "grander and sweeter" the more Mr. Caffin studies it. We are told it presents preliminary study extending over two years, for Mr. R. was "habitually composed, but stiffened at once into unnatural self-consciousness at any suggestion of a sitting." How then was it done? How did Mr. Stieglitz succeed in overcoming the shyness of Mr. R.? How did he take this photograph, than which no other "picture has secured its author more deserved reputation." By means so simple, so exquisitely obvious, that only a child or a very great photographer could have employed them. I give the explanation in Mr. Caffin's own words. "It was achieved by the squeezing of a rubber ball held *perdu* in the artist's pocket, for the subject did not know that he was being photographed." To the ordinary reader who is not a photographer, to whom the word photography suggests little more than Baker Street, Mr. Caffin's volume has all the novelty of a surprise packet. I lent it to an enthusiastic photographer, thinking to gratify, perhaps to astonish him. He returned the volume with the comment "a little out of date, but very good."

"Out of date!" Nevertheless it will be news to many to learn that while those who are not photographers have been mildly busy about their own affairs, the photographic world has been seething with that recurring secessionist movement which, in the art world, produced the Grosvenor, and later the New Gallery, as a protest against conventionalism, favouritism, and what the seceders, if they had been in the habit of quoting Milton, would have called "pining atrophy." The Royal Photographic Society was the parent body. The ardent spirits who seceded from it called themselves The Linked Ring. They would have nothing to do with medals, and in the society they formed, called The Photographic Salon, they refused to admit photographs to their walls which did not give evidence of personal artistic feeling and motive, quite apart from purely scientific and technical considerations. They have kept their ideals. The exhibition of the Photographic Salon at the Dudley Gallery is by far the better of the two. Indeed, so beautiful in effect are a few of the exhibits that if they were not catalogued as photographs, no one, who was not an expert, would think they were photographs. Let any sceptical reader of these lines drop into the Dudley Gallery and look at Mrs. Kasebier's photograph of "Mrs. W. and Infant." There is no sign of stiffness in the figures of mother and child; they are neither fuzzy nor sharply defined; the printing

has the charm and elusiveness of an etching, and I submit that when the "artist" photographer produces a work like this he certainly deserves the ascription. How the effects are produced, by what ingenuities of ground laying, blocking out, and printing, I know not; but the final effect is just beautiful. Mrs. Kasebier is one of the American lights of the photographic world. Mr. Robert Demachy, whose "Curieuse" hangs next to "Mrs. W. and Infant," is one of the lights of the French photographic world, and his "Curieuse" indicates the danger that lurks in the path of the "artist" photographer. "Curieuse" has all the paraphernalia that the "artistic" temperament loves. The print is pushed high up into the narrow white frame, showing several inches of blue grey mount beneath, and in the lower corner of this sea of mount is an oblong shield with the letters of the photographer's name, trying to give the flick of finish to the decorative treatment. But the photographic subject for which this house of artistry was designed, the young woman, with her chin resting upon her hand, is a photograph and nothing more. Certainly temperament comes into photography, and if the photographer aims at something more than frank photography he must have the qualities of taste and artistic vision in high degree. Apparently a photographer cannot even be sure of himself. "The Stained Gown" by Mr. Edward Sterling, showing the shimmer of light on white satin, is not photographic; it is an artistic study of the play of light on satin, quite successful; but the same exhibitor's "Bad News" is merely a carefully arranged, posed anecdote, as lacking in imagination and "ecstasy" as the ordinary Royal Academy anecdotic picture. But the general impression of this collection is surprise at the high degree of skill, and, indeed, of beauty, that photography has reached. Surprise, too, at the value certain members of The Salon put upon their work. Five guineas is not an uncommon price; several prints are marked at ten guineas, and one photographer, an American, values his photographs at twenty pounds each.

The exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society at the New Gallery has so much of the commercial element that at first glance one thinks one has wandered into a huge shop. The well-known rooms have an air of business about them. Here are all the new appliances and inventions. The exhibition is to the photographer what the Dairy Show is to the dairyman. I felt more at home in the west-room, which contains the pictorial photographs, and found some amusement in observing if my choice coincided with the choice of the jury on whom the task of awarding the five medals for the year has fallen. My failure to indicate the winners, except in one instance, was alleviated by reading later the opinion of an expert who remarked that "at each exhibition these awards create indignation, or amusement, or both." The question of medals, or no medals, seems to be the dividing line between the two sections of the photographic world, and it is said that if the medals were abolished the two societies would mingle to mutual advantage, like Briton and Boer. Personally I am well content to have them distinct. The Photographic Salon at the Dudley Gallery, with its white velarium, its canvas walls, and grey frieze, is an ideal exhibition. And if you miss (supposing you do not visit the parent society in the New Gallery) Mr. Parkinson's simple but delightful studies of snow scenes or Mr. Mauser's "On the Delft Canal," you at least escape the dull insincerity of Prof. Von Jan's "Emmaus" and "Bethlehem."

C. L. H.

Science.

Problems of Flight.

THE late successful journey of a "dirigible" balloon over London has produced so much favourable comment from the Press that the unwary may be led to suppose the organisation of a regular service of aerial cars between (say) London and New York to be merely a question of time. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Spencer's plucky and skilful experiment proved nothing that was not known already, and the problem of flight through the air stands exactly where it did. The difficulty does not lie, as some have supposed, in sustaining a steady lateral or horizontal motion; for the air, like the water, is for all practical purposes an incompressible fluid, and the laws which govern motion in the one case apply in the other. Every schoolboy—to use a consecrated phrase that is here particularly appropriate—knows that if triangular wings made of paper be affixed to a *magnum bonum* pen and the whole apparatus hurled into the air, it will maintain a steady flight until the original impulse lent by the thrower's arm dies away, and it descends to bury its point in the desk or in a comrade's head. But if each of these paper wings be bent at right angles to itself, the miniature spear when thrown will not only fly horizontally as before but will also rotate about its own point. And by reversing the process, the impulse given by the thrower's arm can be dispensed with. The rotation at sufficient speed of curved wings or blades projecting at right angles from a cylindrical body will cause it to move forward horizontally in an incompressible medium without any other impulse at all. This is in fact the theory of the screw propeller used in steam-ships, and the motion of the latter through the water does not differ in essential particulars from that of the modern air-ship. A cylindrical balloon with a propeller rotating round an axis parallel to the cylinder's and attached in the Zeppelin air-ship to the balloon itself, in the Santos Dumont and the Spencer vessels to a car suspended from it, forms in either case the source of the horizontal movement. That the direction of this can, within limits, be changed by a rudder attached to the stern of the vessel and acting like the rudder of a ship at sea goes without saying.

The great difficulty that has retarded aerial navigation on this principle until lately was, of course, the apparent impossibility of lifting to a sufficient height an engine capable of rotating the propeller at the high speed required. Maxim's steam-engine, though a marvel of lightness, weighs eight pounds for each horse-power developed, and it is said that the weight would after a certain point increase in arithmetical proportion to the energy. This has now been partly overcome by the use in the balloon of a gas many times lighter than air—generally hydrogen or one of its compounds—and by the invention of petrol motors developing relatively enormous horse-power with very small weight. But there remains the question of what sailors call "lee-way," or the propensity of any ship or balloon to drift before the wind. At sea, this is in part overcome by the fact that the water to leeward offers considerable resistance to the lateral pressure of a "crank" or straight-sided ship, and by the possibility of using engines of strength enough to force the ship forward in the teeth of any but the fiercest gale. In the air, Count Zeppelin's vessel goes as near imitating the shape of the modern screw-propelled ocean greyhound as it is, perhaps, safe to go, but the necessity of buoyancy has prevented the adoption of engines of anything like the same power. Until some way out of this difficulty be found, it seems as if the dirigible balloon must remain, as it is at present, incapable of making steerage-way against any but the most moderate wind.

Under these circumstances, it is not wonderful that the aeronaut should have turned his attention to the flight of birds, who are to all appearance capable of ascending into the air without the use of any lifting power other than that of their own muscles and of directing their course therein without much regard to the direction of the wind. At one time it was thought that this was effected solely by the flapping or downward stroke of the wings, which striking with their curved surface the resilient air, forces the whole body upward. If we watch, for instance, a heavy bird such as the swan rising from the water, we find this process very notable, and that he strikes first the water and then the air many times with his wings before the upward impulse is attained. But the researches of observers like Prof. Marey have shown that this flapping process is not by itself sufficient to account for the phenomena of flight. While calculation has proved that the muscular power of the larger birds can never be equal to overcoming the whole force of gravitation, we have learned from observation that many large birds make use in addition of the resistance of the air itself and force themselves up an inclined plane to windward like a child's kite. M. Clement Ader, for instance, has noticed that the huge vultures of Africa do this by running swiftly against the wind, and the same thing must often have been seen by the observant sportsman when watching pheasants in thin cover. The same explanation accounts in some measure for the phenomena of "soaring," when the bird, holding his wings stiffly outstretched like sails, either hangs motionless in the wind's eye, or swoops round in stately circles which evidently have for their purpose the presenting of a slightly inclined surface to the wind's force. By imitating this action and by using large wings or aeroplanes driven by motors small enough to be carried with them, Herr Lilienthal and Mr. Pilcher contrived not only to raise themselves into the air, but to make glides or flights of very considerable length in planes set at very small angles to the horizon. But the shocking deaths of both these inventors, who were seized by a current of air coming in an unexpected direction and hurled to the ground before they had time to adjust their aeroplanes, served to show that all the problems of the bird's flight have not yet been mastered. How, for instance, does the falcon, when she has by her circling flight attained the height above her prey that her experience teaches to be effective, manage to effect, in far less time than it takes to write it, the terrific "stoop" or drop which hurls her upon the quarry like a thunderbolt? And how does the kestrel or "windhover," on a day when not a breath of air appears to be stirring aloft, contrive to hang in the heavens "waiting on," in the language of falconry, to all appearance perfectly motionless, until he raises or lowers himself vertically without any perceptible flap of the wings? All this points to a power of balancing—which may be defined as the instantaneous and delicately-measured shifting of the centre of gravity—of which man has not yet discovered the secret, and until this be found it seems safe to predict that the practice of aviation or bird-like flight will prove to the human species not impossible but terribly dangerous. As Mr. Seton Valentine and Mr. Tomlinson tell us in their excellent *Travels in Space*, the fact that we have already overcome a similar difficulty in the arts of bicycling and skating offers ground for hope that some day the problem may be completely mastered, but there is certainly no indication of its solution in the near future. Both in this and in the twin difficulty of overcoming the "leeway" of a balloon, the patient and systematic collection of facts seems to be the part at present marked out for us.

F. LEGGE.

Correspondence.

Science and Mysticism.

SIR,—I have admired Mr. Legge's former contributions to the ACADEMY so much that I was very sorry to see him tilting indiscriminately against "Mysticism" in your last number. Max Nordau's pseudo-scientific book on *Degeneration* is not a good authority to follow on such a subject. It is quite true that in the Roman Church the name "Mysticism" is now almost confined to the mass of alleged "supernatural phenomena," of which the Lives of the Saints are full. Such books as the Abbé Migne's *Dictionary of Mysticism*, and the works of Görres, Schram, and Ribet, illustrate painfully enough the degradation into which Catholic "mystical theology" has fallen. A still lower depth of morbidity is exhibited by some of the literary "mystics" like Huysmans, who find in decadent Neo-Catholicism more pungent flavours than even lubricity can bestow. But this misuse of the word is not English. With us, "Mysticism" stands for "Mystik" much rather than for "Mysticismus," and it is an outrage on the great mystics to mix them up with Nordau's gallery of decadents. In reality, a man of science should be the last to attack mysticism; for the mystics, as Prof. Royce of Harvard truly says, are "the only thorough-going empiricists." Plotinus, Suso, Böhme were men who devoted their lives to investigating, by personal experiment, the deepest problems of the inner life. Their recorded experiences are scientific documents of the highest value and importance, and the methodical study of such literature (Prof. W. James has given us an excellent model in his *Varieties of Religious Experience*) could not fail to produce a rich harvest. It is in the domain of psychology, I believe, that religion and science will at last find themselves able to co-operate for the improvement of humanity, and the psychology of religion is the study of mysticism. In conclusion, I call Mr. Legge's attention to one fact. The recently published volume of philosophical essays (*Personal Idealism*), which claims in the preface to "continue the Oxford polemic against naturalism," says quite consistently (p. 368) "Mysticism is the enemy." The common enemy of two angry combatants is generally the man who could reconcile them if they would listen to him.—Yours, &c.,

Hertford College, Oxford.

W. R. INGE.

SIR,—In your issue of last week Mr. Legge institutes a comparison between mysticism and science, much to the disparagement of the former. He further discusses the methods of investigation pursued by each, and points out the untrustworthiness (as he thinks) of intuition compared with a method of inductive inference. "But when exercised upon what?" we would ask. Of course, it would be obviously unprofitable for anyone who was investigating ether disturbances, or was engaged in chemical research, to attempt to arrive at hypotheses by way of mysticism, or (to use Mr. Legge's expansion of the latter term) to imagine that he could "detect by intuition relations between phenomena not perceptible by the world in general, and not otherwise demonstrable." But such a fact in no way proves the inutility of the intuition method. It merely shows the error of any application of it outside its proper sphere of action. Mr. Legge, however, appears to wish to sweep the whole matter of mysticism on one side, as simply an hallucinative weakness due to cerebral "arrested development." And yet it is precisely upon our intuitive faculty that we place our most absolute reliance in all the important crises of our lives—to say nothing of our half unconscious use of it every day of our lives. For instance, when a man falls in love, what is it but (to use once more Mr. Legge's definition of mysticism)

"a state of mind following upon emotional excitement in which the subject imagines that he can detect by intuition relations between phenomena not perceptible to the world in general, and not otherwise demonstrable!" And yet on this (according to Mr. Legge) unreliable evidence we risk our whole future prosperity! Science, as such, by its own self-imposed limitations, cannot touch upon any one of the really vital problems of life in so far as offering a solution is concerned. Its sole aim is simply to set forth a self-coherent exhibition of the principles which hold valid within a certain specific domain—chemistry, biology, and so forth. It does not profess to super-impose any principles, valid throughout the whole area of its separate investigations, or to find principles that will reconcile all ascertainable phenomena. The finding of this ideal unity is left to the wide domain of philosophy, and this by no means limits its methods of procedure to the local methods that hold good in the individual sciences. All that really interests us in life itself—the doctrine of the value of the existent and the value of the "ought-to-be"—all that engrossing field in æsthetics and ethics—all these matters are far enough beyond the range of the sense-limited methods of science, and can only be demonstrated by the more inclusive methods of philosophy wherein the part which "intuition" plays is by no means inconsiderable.—Yours, &c.,

T. W. COLE.

21, Coleford Road, Wandsworth.

SIR,—On reading Mr. Legge's communication of last week on "Science and Mysticism" I was reminded of the late Mr. Ruskin's definition of "appreciation." I cannot at this moment find the passage, but the effect of it may be found in the dictionary explanation of the term: "To set a just price, value, or estimate on"; and I hold that in order fairly to criticise it is necessary to appreciate in this sense of the word. Appreciation then predicates knowledge. But I gather that of true mysticism Mr. Legge does not know the name. The loose way in which he makes use of the word "mystic" is proof of this. No mystic worthy the name is one because of "hastily-formed mental conclusions."

This is not, however, the place nor time to enter into a description of mysticism, nor would it be in any degree profitable to do so in a controversial spirit. If it is true that "the wisdom of the world is foolishness with God," or in other words, that the teachings of material science are unnecessary to the spiritual ego, it is equally true that all esoteric teaching is "to the Jews a stumbling-block and unto the Greeks foolishness."

This is, I know, an irritating position to take up, from the material scientist's point of view. But true spiritual science (Vidyā) does not clamour for publicity.—Yours, &c.,

A. A. M.

Hamillan Terrace, N.W.

The Trial of Joan of Arc.

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent D. M. J. in your issue of September 27th, with regard to the Report of the Trial of Jeanne d'Arc, I had of course intended to convey that no complete translation had ever been issued. Fabre's translation is a very loose version of a part of the whole document, while Mr. Douglas Murray's volume contains the complete verbatim reports, with only quite trivial repetitions omitted.—Yours, &c.,

WM. HEINEMANN.

21, Bedford Street, W.C.

G. P. R. James's Novels.

SIR,—We note your comment *re* G. P. R. James's works, in your issue of the 27th ult. It may interest you to know that we have in print, and have always had in print for the last ten years, no less than eighteen of G. P. R. James's novels in our sixpenny series.—Yours, &c.,

FREDERICK WARNE & Co.

Chandos House, Bedford Street, W.C.

Balaustion or Pompilia.

SIR,—Balaustion is very charming; and, like Mr. Stopford Brooke, I have been in love with her for many years. But, surely, Pompilia is the crown of all the women created by Browning. Before that ineffable Madonna we bend in reverence, confessing a chastity immaculate, a motherhood adorable, and a martyrdom sublime. When I procure Mr. Brooke's new volume, I shall turn, first of all, to the pages in which he interprets this matchless creation of a supreme artist.—Yours, &c.,

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

FRANK WALTERS.

The Sky-lark in Poetry.

SIR,—It is not generally known that the great Welsh poet Daydd-ap-Gwilym wrote a brief, but highly poetical, ode to the sky-lark. I send with this Cliffe's *Notes of an Angler*, in which a translation is given—I do not know how accurate.

It would be interesting to know if, when Shelley lived in Wales, there were any translations of this Welsh poet's work in existence.—Yours, &c.,

THOMAS PINKERTON.

Bangor.

The translation referred to by Mr. Pinkerton is as follows:—

Hail, thou! who singest at Heaven's gate!
 Blest chorister of May!
 Before the throne of God elate,
 Who lov'st on joyous wings to soar and play
 With homeless clouds and winds; forerunner of the day!
 Would I, as thou, up yon steep height
 Could climb as blithe and free;
 View the first blush of morning light,
 Make the pale westerling moon my love, and be,
 'Twixt darkness and the dawn—a link of melody.
 No lover of the woods thou art,
 Thou dread'st no archer's war;
 Thou dwell'st as Seraphs do, apart;
 Fill with thy warblings earth and sea, and air,
 And float, the stars among, a spirit and a star.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 157 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best character sketch of a living boy, not exceeding 200 words. We award it to Mr. Albert Betham, Heath Chambers, West Bromwich.

SAM.

Sam, as I know him, is about thirteen years old and a golf caddie. He may be, for ought I know, a talented member of some Board school in our town and a shining light in his family home, but to me he exists purely and simply as a caddie at our Golf Club. His parents, I conjecture, are not people of a saving nature, for he rejoices in trousers of many holes and boots whose tops have sunk into their

foes. But his soul contains no atom of pessimism. Always alert and cheerful, he regards himself, I feel sure, as a creation and minion of the great God Golf. More than once I have caught him lying outrageously about the scores I have made, and many are the Vardonesque strokes with which in converse with his fellow-caddies his vivid imagination has credited me. If in a stiff encounter I fall at a critical hole he throws on me that dumb sympathetic look caught sometimes from the eyes of a spaniel who has long known and loved you, and at such moments I feel that I have a faithful henchman who will ever sedulously uphold me in spite of all my golfing depravities, and who will cheerfully and heroically cheat an adversary to ensure my victory.

[A. B.]

Other sketches follow:—

CECIL.

He is only six years old, my boy Cecil. "Half man and half baby" had been his mother's description of him any time these four years. It is said with an increasing wistfulness, for thoughts come unbidden of the time when he shall be man indeed, but baby no longer. Over his head lies a mass of flaxen hair, a rebellious tuft at the crown. His eyes are big and blue, with fluctuating expression. Sometimes, in their soft serenity, they make you think of a pictured cherub; again they appear luminous with the daring and the poetry of the Viking of the Northern Seas. His tolerance of female creation is large and bland, but his worship is for his own sex. An elder brother, deeply versed in the mysteries of boys' games, is to him hero and exemplar, and he has a discriminating admiration for his father, whose human weaknesses he has all but fathomed. Gentleness and tenacity are linked in his young personality. "A boy's thoughts are long, long thoughts," says Longfellow, and as my boy Cecil looks dreamily out of the window, past the trees and the birds, I wonder what lies hidden behind his childish eyes.

[R. D.]

ERIC.

Eric is just twelve, and we who know and love the little fellow make due allowance for his irritability, which is the result of super-sensitiveness and pent-up emotion, and of a passion, which, when it finds a more suitable outlet, will have power to sway the masses. At school he is not a favourite except with the small boys, who, together with dumb animals, appeal to a tender heart which eagerly responds to the cry of the helpless; the big chaps dub him "cockey," for, unfortunately, he is not very strong, and cannot therefore claim by might the right to assert his opinions as freely as he does amongst his seniors. Like all neurotic children he is a physical coward; he dares not go upstairs in the dark, and cries if he has a pain of any kind, but he has more than a child's share of moral pluck, and he will fearlessly stand by a comrade in trouble. He is fond of music, of pictures, of books, of the sea, and of the poor; and the People will have a Poet in the future to effect Reform if this child prove "father of the man."

[E. A. B.]

ALFRED.

He is eight years old and his name is Alfred. His keen face is the dial of a strong will, guided by acute logic. There is almost pathos in his determination to pluck out the heart of the mystery of his little world. The sea exercises a vast fascination over him. Let him wade as far as he dare, then watch his battered boat drifting, drifting toward the magic sands, and he will be happy as long as you will. His receptive faculties should carry him far in the race, if his wiry bodily frame be nurtured, so as to fight with hardihood through the battle of life. The lens of his mind throws every impression slightly out of focus with the workaday. With him Robinson Crusoe is real, every bird has its own language, "every flower is an alleluiah," the stars are friendly eyes, the sun rejoices as a giant. Ripen his powers of mind and body slowly, keep him from the Lethe stream of enervation, feed him with the uncloying food of natural lore, and all things pure and holy, and some day the world will not let die the name of the man he may become.

[A. E. C.]

"PLATO."

"Plato" leaves the *Times* at my office every morning. With barely fourteen years to his credit, he affects the dignity of sixty. His father keeps a newspaper shop in the vicinity of City Road, and his ambition in life is to become the manager of one of Smith's bookstalls. "Plato" has ideas concerning journalism. For your halfpenny daily he has the most profound contempt; give him something respectable and solid—the *Times*, or, at least, the *Standard*.

He revels in the incomprehensible; a five-syllable word delights him; a Latin quotation positively thrills him. True, I once caught him looking with apparent interest at *Comic Cuts*; but presumably his perusal was but critical, for he volunteered the remark that he "couldn't see how people could read such stuff, no how"—his scorn was superb, overwhelming. "Plato" judges a man by the paper he reads. I remember once ordering *Pick-Me-Up*, and being treated with withering contempt for a month. I owe much to "Plato"; the risk of losing his good opinion restricts me to the *Times*, *Spectator*, and *THE ACADEMY*—though I sometimes fancy that he considers the cover of the last a trifle—well, frivolous.

[W. P., Brixton.]

Competition No. 158 (New Series).

WE publish this week a special supplement, containing publishers' announcements for the autumn season. From the lists therein printed we ask our readers to pick out what, in their opinion promise to be:

- (a) The two most interesting biographies.
- (b) The two most interesting works of history.
- (c) The two most interesting works of travel.
- (d) The two most interesting religious works.
- (e) The two most interesting novels.
- (f) The two most interesting books for children.

To the competitor whose selection most nearly resembles that produced by a collation of all replies received a cheque for a guinea will be sent.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 8 October, 1902. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Walker (Rev. W. L.), <i>The Cross and the Kingdom</i>(Clark)	9 0
Blake (Rev. Buchanan), <i>Joseph and Moses</i>()	4 0
Orenden (Charles T.), <i>The Enthusiasm of Christianity</i>(Skeffington)	3 6
Matheson (George), <i>The Representative Men of the Bible</i> (Hodder & Stoughton)	6 0
Rosendale (Rev. H. G.), <i>The Growth of Religious Ideals</i>(Gay & Bird)	3 6

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

Willis (William), <i>The Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy</i>(Low) net	3 0
Hatch (Beatrice), <i>Scenes from Cranford</i>(Richards)	2 6
Dobson (Austin), <i>Side-Walk Studies</i>(Chatto & Windus)	6 0
Smada (Auguste), <i>Rus Divinus: A Poem</i>(Unwin)	
Symonds (The late John Addington), <i>The Collected Poems of Helen Noel</i> (Kegan Paul)	7 6
Lindsay (Lady), <i>A Christmas Poem of Carols, Songs, &c.</i>(Kegan Paul) net	3 6
Canton (Williams), <i>The Comrades: Poems, Old and New</i>(Isbister)	5 0
Woods (Margaret L.), <i>The Princess of Hanover</i>(Duckworth) net	6 0
Campbell (Helen Orr), <i>The Marriage Contract</i>(Drane)	3 6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Alger (John Goldworth), <i>Paris in 1789-94</i>(Allen) net	10 6
Merivale (Herman Charles), <i>Far, Stage, and Platform</i>(Chatto and Windus)	6 0
Chignell (Robert), <i>The Makers of British Art: J. M. W. Turner, M. A.</i>(Scott) net	3 4
Kennedy (Admiral Sir William), <i>Sport in the Navy and Naval Yarns</i> (Constable)	6 0
Upton (George P.), <i>Musical Pastels</i>(McClurg) net	2 00
Williams (Charles), <i>Hushed Up</i>(Richards) net	1 0
Robinson (Lionel G.), edited by, <i>Letters of Dorothea, Princess Lieven, 1812-1831</i>(Longmans) net	11 0

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED—continued.

- Gardner (Edmund G.), *The Story of Florence*.....(Dent) net 13/6
 Wiedemann (A.), *Popular Literature in Ancient Egypt*.....(Nutt) 1/0
 Davis (Richard Harding), *Captain Macklin*.....(Heinemann) 6/0
 Wilkins W. H., *Our King and Queen*.....(Hutchinson) net 9/7
 Wright (Arnold) and Smith (Philip), *Parliament, Past and Present*

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Bosanquet (Helen), *The Strength of the People*.....(Macmillan) net 8/6
 Lawrence (Edmund), *Theology and Exact Science*.....(Simkin Marshall) 3/6
 Dimbleby (J. R.), *The Date of Creation*.....(Nisbet) 6/0
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 (Government Printing Office, Washington)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Eckenstein (Lia), *Through the Casentino*.....(Dent) net 2/6
 Austin (Major H. H.), *Among Swamps and Giants in Equatorial Africa*.....
 (Pearson) net 18/0

EDUCATIONAL.

- Skeat (Rev. Walter W.), re-edited by, *The Lay of Havelock the Dane*.....
 (Clarendon Press) 4/6
 Middleton (O.) and Souter (A.), *Livy, Book XXVIII.*.....(Blackwood) 1/6
 Wilson (K. F.), *Oceano—Pro Lega Manila and Pro Archia*.....() 2/6
 Low (W. H.), and Briggs (John), *Matriculation English Course*.....(Olive) 3/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Whittington (Dick), *The Cat Manual*.....(Newnes) net 1/6
 Mitchell (Wm.), *How to Play Billiards*.....(Everett) net 0/6
 Sandby (Robert), *Medical Ethics*.....(Wright) net 3/6
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- Kipling (Rudyard), *Just So Stories for Little Children*.....(Macmillan) 6/0
 Pickering (Edgar), *True to the Watchword*.....(Warne) 3/6
 Clark (Capt. Charles), *An Antarctic Queen*.....() 8/0
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